

THE MUMMY

Story by

Kevin Jarre and Lloyd Fonvielle

Screen play by

Lloyd Fonvielle

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1 INT. ROOM OF STONE - NIGHT

1

The feeling is strange, at once real and unreal, like in a dimly-remembered dream: we are in a large, darkened chamber and oil lamps throw fantastic shapes and shadows across its stone walls as a MAN in ancient dress enters, his face hidden by the dark. Moving in silence, he crosses to a golden sleigh bed and looks down at the WOMAN sleeping there, silk sheets in disarray, partly exposing the lush contours of her olive-skinned form. As he leans down the light catches the FLASH of something black and glinting in his hand--

Suddenly raising a black obsidian DAGGER, he PLUNGES it downward with incredible, stunning violence. The UNSEEN woman's heart erupts in a ghastly torrent, more than seems possible, overflowing into a river of blood--

SMASH CUT TO:

2 EXT. EGYPTIAN MONTAGE - TWILIGHT

2

Just as suddenly, all is tranquil now over moonlit images of Egypt: the ruined face of the Sphinx... the pyramids of Gizeh... the forest of towering columns forming the Temple of Karnak... the colossal figures carved from the cliff face at Abu Simbel... and finally the moon itself, the Eye of Isis. And as we HEAR the sound of wind howling through desolate places, a man's VOICE comes to us, reaching out from across the space of three thousand years:

DISEMBODIED VOICE

You who read are still among the living; but I who write shall have long since gone my way into the region of shadows. For indeed strange things shall happen, and secret things be known, and many centuries shall pass away, ere these memorials be seen of men. And, when seen, there will be some to disbelieve, and some to doubt, and yet a few who will find much to ponder upon in the characters here graven with a stylus of iron...

3 INT. RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH VICE-CONSUL, CAIRO -- NIGHT

3

MACRO LENS VIEW

And now, with harrowing speed, we suddenly appear to be soaring over mountains and swooping through gigantic rock canyons -- but in reality we are only TRACKING over angled grooves carved in a piece of limestone tablet magnified many

(CONTINUED)

times, the grooves forming the letters of ancient Egyptian hieratic script,...

The tablet is in 2 pieces, fit together along a jagged edge. PULLING BACK, we REVEAL the unsteady hands of the man holding them, bordered by starched white cuffs and the black sleeves of a dinner jacket as his British-accented voice explains:

ANOTHER VOICE

"...here graven with a stylus of iron by Ionos the Greek, eternal slave of she who rests for eternity in the Valley of the Seven Jackals." We know we're on to something, this tablet was found in that very place just six weeks ago.

Now in the comforting, relative modernity of the 1920s, we are in the elegant drawing room of Cairo's British Consulate where, at a pedestal by a window, CONSTANCE BARNES stares fixedly at the very lifelike wooden funerary effigy of an ancient Egyptian woman. In her early 20s, pretty, and very stylish with her ultra-modern Louise Brooks haircut, still something in Connie's face is hard to read, slightly mysterious, even a little intimidating. Meanwhile, with its sensuously hooded eyes, the painted bust seems to stare back, its inviting, powerful half-smile oddly similar to Connie's, the whole effect like a reflection in some weird mirror. But as the man's speech finishes, Connie suddenly jerks out of her reverie, turning away from the bust:

CONNIE

What?

(stops, shakes head)

Oh sorry, thought maybe you were talking about something interesting for a change...

The three men in evening clothes seated around the green felt gaming table exchange looks. Tablet in hand is PROFESSOR ARNOLD HENDRY, British, early 60s, his studious air enlivened by a new enthusiasm, making his pale violet eyes glow. TIM HILTON is a handsome American in his late 20s, boyish and arrogant in an appealing way, while GASTON MARBOT, 70s, is the complacent, magisterial head of the Egyptian government's French-administered *Service des Antiquités*. He turns to Hilton with a wryly Continental smile:

MARBOT

I take it your fiancée doesn't quite share your passion, eh Hilton?

(CONTINUED)

Hilton bristles momentarily, catching himself. Connie shrugs.

CONNIE
Trouble with Egyptology's you gotta
be in Egypt.

Hilton and Hendry cringe, but Marbot only laughs.

MARBOT
She has a point. It's been a
madhouse ever since Carter stumbled
on poor little King Tut. Every
jackass with a shovel became an
archaeologist.

HILTON
I hope you're not including me in
that. I've spent a lot of money on
my work here.

Connie LAUGHS, making Hilton fume as a Sudanese FOOTMAN enters, whispering something to Marbot, who stands:

MARBOT
Excuse me a moment...

As Marbot steps into the next room, Hilton gets up, taking Connie aside and whispering through his teeth:

HILTON
Why do you always do this? You know
we need his approval.

CONNIE
I know... I'm rotten. I'm going to
hell.

Just then Marbot breezes back in with a cable in his hand.

MARBOT
The provincial governor wires back
that your Valley of the Seven
Jackals is free of claims, but
cautions that Tuaregs have been
seen in the area from time to time.
(on Connie's confusion)
A kind of bandit, quite a nuisance
really. They infest the Arab world
much like the Gypsies do Europe,
except instead of confidence tricks
and chicken-stealing, Tuaregs live
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

MARBOT (cont'd)
 by armed robbery and murder. That's
 a Tuareg scimitar behind you.

He points to a large, very wicked-looking CURVED SWORD on the wall. They look, with obvious pause. But pressing on manfully:

HILTON
 That's no problem, we're well
 armed. Besides, there's an Egyptian
 Army outpost only a few miles from
 where we'd be digging.

MAN
 And who do you hope to find? This
 Greek?

HILTON
 He's probably just some scribe. No,
 it's the "she who rests for
 eternity in the Valley" we're
 after. Anck-es-en-Amon.

MARBOT
 Anck-es-en-Amon? I see...

Marbot is impressed. Indeed, the very name (pronounced, Ahnk-sin-**amun**) seems to fill the air with mystery and allure.

HENDRY
 Most celebrated of the High
 Priestesses of Isis during the Late
 Kingdom. And the most mysterious.
 Her tomb would be quite a find.

MARBOT
 But Mr. Hilton, none of this
 changes the basic fact that there
 are no tombs in that valley. There
 are none in the whole region.

HENDRY
 Well, it's so remote, no one's ever
 looked.

MARBOT
 With good reason. Nothing's there.

HILTON
 Just the same, we'd like a try at
 it. We've got tools, supplies,
 local felahs, everything to mount
 a full-scale dig ready to go. All
 we need is your permission.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

Marbot pauses, considering. Finally shaking his head, he is about to speak when:

CONNIE

Come on, you can't turn them down.
Look at those faces.

Marbot looks at the two men across from him, one old, the other young, but both faces alight, consumed with the same almost child-like enthusiasm. Still unsure, Marbot looks back at Connie. She shakes her head. Marbot raises an insouciant Gallic eyebrow and shrugs....

4 EXT STEAMER DOCKS, CAIRO -- DAY

4

Ships load and unload in the b.g. while above the Quasr en-Nil Bridge, near the Thomas Cook wharf, a luxurious 16-berth private steamer is tied up at a busy, crowded quay lined with small warehouses and steamship terminals. Leaning against the rail on its upper deck, Connie and Hilton watch as their felahen, or Arab laborers hoist wooden crates aboard, lashing them to the lower deck.

CONNIE

So much stuff.

HILTON

Those are empty crates. For
bringing back what we find.

Connie looks with affection at his beaming face, then:

CONNIE

How I spent my summer vacation.
You're such a goof.
(ruffles his hair)
Where's Hendry?

HILTON

Huge last-minute crisis. The man he'd hired to oversee our felahen - - remember, short and sweaty, you said he smelled like gorgonzola? Well he fell out last night with appendicitis and Hendry's trying to find a replacement.

CONNIE

Is that so important?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

6

4

HILTON

Indispensible according to Hendry.
Someone who really knows what he's
doing, not only fluent in Arabic,
but good at handling men.

CONNIE

Sounds like a glorified thug.

HILTON

Hendry calls it a trouble-shooter.
He also says we'll have to postpone
unless we find the right man.

Connie looks out at the crowds of men thronging the docks and:

CONNIE

Good luck finding him in this mess.

5 EXT. ABOVE THE THOMAS COOK WHARF -- DAY

5

The Alexandria steamer is moored a few hundred yards down the quay. A MAN steps onto the forward gangplank, taking in the scene. Wearing the uniform of a French Foreign Legion officer, complete with high boots and breeches, khaki tunic, and familiar red kepi, trench coat slung over his shoulder, and carrying a leather kit bag, he cuts an arresting figure. Obviously dashing, he would be unspeakably handsome were it not for his eyes: colder than ice, they are genuinely frightening, the eyes of a man who has literally seen hell... and is feeling nostalgic for it. Nothing in his view seeming to impress him greatly, he continues on down to the quay.

Arab porters, some with the official caps of hotels and steamship lines, some with generic tarbooshes, swarm around the Legionnaire officer. As he sets his kit bag down to check his watch, one of the unofficial porters behind him makes the mistake of reaching too quickly for it. Without turning around or missing a beat he drops his boot heel down on the porter's slippered foot, making the man jump back like a startled cat.

LEGIONNAIRE

Got it, thanks.

Picking up his bag, he disappears into the crowd.

6 INT BAR DU NIL -- DAY

6

A dingy dockside bar, one step up from an Arab coffee house, catering mostly to the low end of the European trade -- merchant seamen, guides and interpreters. Looking a little uncomfortable in these surroundings, Hendry interviews a thin,

(CONTINUED)

pinched-looking ENGLISHMAN. In clothes that have seen many better days, the Englishman helps himself to a gin and tonic from the bottles on the table while explaining:

LOWLIFE ENGLISHMAN

... well comes to that, I suppose I speak enough of the language in a pinch. 'Course the point's, as you might say, moot if a stick's handy. Your wog may not be any too bright, but he understands that language just fine. Not that I'm hard, y'understand sir. But they're lazy buggers and if you wants any work done you've gotta keep after 'em.

HENDRY

Well, I don't know...

At a corner table, drinking whiskey with his back to the wall and rapidly getting fed up, the Legionnaire Officer suddenly slams his glass down in annoyance as the seedy Englishman drains his glass, and:

LOWLIFE ENGLISHMAN

Beggin' your pardon in advance, sir, but I know. Been around 'em all my life and I can tell you--

He LOOKS up suddenly to see the Legionnaire Officer standing over him, his stare rivetting the man into his seat.

LEGIONNAIRE

Qaddi ei bi'id min hina li Gurna?

LOWLIFE ENGLISHMAN

How's that?

The Legionnaire repeats it. The Englishman sputters. The Legionnaire turns to Hendry, speaking with an American accent:

LEGIONNAIRE

Since you can now see he doesn't speak a word of Arabic, I figure you know how to treat the rest of what this imbecile said so I'll leave you with this: an Arab's like anybody else. Try talking to him with a stick, you'll end up with a knife in your back.

HENNESSEY

You're American? By appearances, I thought you were a French officer. I'm Professor Arnold Hendry, by the way.

Hendry rises, offering his hand, intrigued. After a moment's instinctive hesitation, the Legionnaire shakes it.

LEGIONNAIRE

Brian O'Connell. And I only used to be American. Just like I used to be a French officer.

HENDRY

Excuse me?

The Englishman suddenly points a dirty finger at the intruder.

LOWLIFE ENGLISHMAN

O'Connell? Hang on, I know who you are! You're the Brian O'Connell that was in the papers! Sure...

(to Hendry)

Doesn't half got his nerve, too, talkin' like some bloody Quaker, and him the only man ever run out of the French Foreign Legion for savagery!

O'CONNELL

(shrugs at Hendry)

Had a run-in with some Algerian bandits. Couple hundred miles from nowhere, no way to haul the bodies back...

LOWLIFE ENGLISHMAN

So he brought back their heads! Just the heads! It was in all the papers!

O'Connell shrugs again, but his poker-faced manner makes it hard to tell just when he's being ironic:

O'CONNELL

Which happened to coincide with a big debate in the French Assembly over the Algerian question -- and I was asked to resign my commission. I don't know, they say there's a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

O'CONNELL (cont'd)
 time and place for everything. Sure
 couldn't prove it by me.

Hendry leans forward eagerly...

7 EXT HILTON'S PRIVATE STEAMER -- DAY

7

Impressed and smiling, Hilton faces O'Connell on the bridge as
 Hendry looks on.

HILTON

Then how soon can you pack?

O'CONNELL

Already packed, just need to--

Just then Connie breezes in and O'Connell stops dead in his
 tracks. She does the same at the sight of him.

HILTON

Darling! Meet our new trouble-
 shooter, late of the US Marines and
 French Foreign Legion, believe it
 or not.

CONNIE

Wonderful! Just what our dinner
 conversation's been missing -- war
 stories! I'm shuddering with
 anticipation.

HILTON

My fiance, Miss Barnes. Lovely
 girl, but quite a mouth on her --
 she reads the New Yorker a lot.

CONNIE

Why not? Lot more fun than his
 scrolls and tablets...

O'CONNELL

Really... Uh, by the way, my name's
 O'Connell.

CONNIE

Congratulations.

O'CONNELL

(tries to laugh, at a loss)
 Right... Well... better get my grip
 stowed.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

She rolls her eyes, turning away. Suddenly and so uncharacteristically non-plussed, O'Connell picks up his bag, turning to Hilton and exchanging nods before moving off down the companionway with Hendry. Connie sniffs:

CONNIE

I was right about him being a thug.

HILTON

I don't know, seems fairly bright in his way. Probably a very nice guy once you get to know him.

CONNIE

Sure, probably even ties his own shoelaces, I just can't stand apes like that.

8 EXT NILE RIVER MONTAGE -- DAY/TWILIGHT

8

Mid-day and the little sidewheel steamer casts off, pulling out into the Nile current while the felaheen kneel on the foredeck, praying toward Mecca... The ship chugs on up the Nile, passing bus and camel caravans on the palm-studded shore, going the other way... Steaming on and on as the dusk falls and...

9 EXT THE STEAMER -- NIGHT

9

The night-time Egyptian landscape drifting by in the b.g., music playing on a nearby phonograph, a formal table has been set under an awning on deck where Hilton and Hendry, both in pristine evening clothes, sit on either side of Connie, stunning in a red evening gown. Meanwhile, O'Connell looks smart, if a little out of place in his one civilian ensemble, a rumpled, but well-cut tropical-white suit and white bucks.

A MUMMIFIED CAT is set up in the middle of the table like a centerpiece, the effect both disturbing and even slightly objectionable, though no one but the Arab steward pouring champagne seems bothered by it. As the diners raise their glasses in a silent toast, behind them the great pyramids of Gizeh gleam magically under the light of a full moon.

HILTON

My God, what an adventure!

Having given voice to what everyone was feeling, we SEE a little thrill run through each of them, even O'Connell.

(CONTINUED)

HILTON

I've got a feeling about this trip.
I think Ank-es-en-Amon's gonna make
us famous.

CONNIE

Don't start. Last time you said
that about Fluffy here.

O'Connell looks at the shrivelled animal carcass on the table.

O'CONNELL

Oh, that cat thing. I was gonna ask
about that.

HILTON

That 'cat thing' is over three
thousand years old! And in as fine
a state of preservation as any
funerary pet remains extant.

HENDRY

That is a magnificent piece.

CONNIE

Come on, guys. Whatever you call
it, it's still a dead cat.

HILTON

Nothing impresses you, does it? Not
the pyramids, not the Sphinx, not
the full moon over the Nile...

CONNIE

Not even dead cats on the dinner
table. It's my tragedy.

Hilton and Hendry laugh indulgently, but O'Connell stares at
her, wondering if she might actually be serious when she says:

CONNIE

I just feel like I've seen it all
before. God, sometimes I feel like
I've seen everything before.

O'CONNELL

I know that feeling. It's like a
sickness.

For some reason Connie suddenly seems terribly offended:

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

12

9

CONNIE

Uh, look, Mr. O'Reilly, do me a favor and skip the philosophy, will you? I get enough bull from the archaeologists here.

O'CONNELL

Right, sorry. Didn't mean to throw a wrench into the conversation.

CONNIE

(rolls her eyes)
Oh, God... CHAMPAGNE!

The other men laugh as she holds out her glass purposefully, but we PUSH IN inexplicably on the mummified cat...

10 INT. ROOM OF STONE -- NIGHT

10

In the ancient bedchamber, grotesque, undulating shadows from the oil lamps mix with the blood streaming over the floor as the black-bladed knife falls, CLACKING across the stones and--

11 INT O'CONNELL'S CABIN -- NIGHT

11

Sleeping atop the sheets in shirt and trousers, O'Connell jerks upright, strangling a cry and shuddering, as if something repellent had just brushed against him in the night. Looking around and remembering where he is, he swings his feet to the floor, picking up an overturned glass and pouring a shot of whiskey. He drinks, hand trembling, eyes showing no emotion as he sighs matter-of-factly. He's used to this.

12 INT CONNIE'S CABIN -- NIGHT

12

Tossing and sweating under the sheets, Connie sits up, trying to open a porthole, but it won't budge. She holds a hand to her face, as though trying to ward off the full-moonlight spilling in. Reaching for a glass of water and pouring some on her face and neck, she gets up, putting a thin satin robe on over her nightgown and going to the cabin door.

13 EXT. ON DECK -- NIGHT

13

Out on deck, Connie walks up the port companionway to the bow, letting the breeze there run through her hair. Hearing a NOISE, she turns to SEE an ember glow in the shadows between

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

the crates on deck. O'Connell steps into the dim light thrown from the pilot house above, flipping his cigarette overboard.

O'CONNELL

I don't think walking around in your nightshirt where the *fellaheen* can see you's such a great idea.

CONNIE

You think I care what you think? I didn't even want Tim to hire you. Hell, I never even wanted to be here in the first place, what do you think of that?

Barely listening, O'Connell just stares, transfixed. Indeed, with the hot wind in her hair and the light shining through her swirling nightgown, she's an absolute vision...

CONNIE (CONT)

Well? Say something.

O'CONNELL

I'm trying to think...

She crosses the deck, passing near him with a sidelong look.

CONNIE

Don't tell me you're scared of me. A great big tough guy like you?

O'CONNELL

God damn right I am.

CONNIE

Imagine that.

O'CONNELL

Funny, huh?

CONNIE

A scream.

Now leaning against the rail, she looks at him frankly, twirling a lock of hair between her fingers. O'Connell groans:

O'CONNELL

Oh, Christ...

Suddenly and deliberately, he reaches out and yanks her across the deck, pressing her against the pilothouse bulkhead and into his arms as she starts to prattle nervously:

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

CONNIE

Well, I must say, that's some--

He grabs her by the hair and pulls her head back, making her stop talking and gasp instead. Chest heaving, she stares up into his eyes. He whispers:

O'CONNELL

Shut up.

And they kiss, forcefully, even desperately, kissing and holding and nuzzling with the hungry, unconscious ferocity of lovers long separated. Both terrified, neither knows quite why. They do know it's pointless to stop, though -- after the first kiss there was already no hope for either of them.

14 INT O'CONNELL'S CABIN -- NIGHT

14

It's over, and they lie in each other's arms, spent and exhausted among the twisted sheets. O'Connell shakes his head:

O'CONNELL

I can't believe it, I figured this was more or less it for me, just coasting from here in. Instead it looks like my life hadn't even started yet. Everything so far's just been a lead-in to this, with you. That's when life started.

(looks out porthole)

You know, my whole life I've been afraid of the full moon, afraid of what it might do to me. And now I can't get enough of it, it's like it makes me see everything new. Life was only ever this way in dreams. Well, maybe this isn't so new after all, maybe I lived it before, only it was in dreams... Christ, does any of this make any sense at all to you?

Evidently it's made a lot of sense because, as he looks, her face is turned away and she's weeping. He pulls her close, enveloping her body with his, speaking softly:

O'CONNELL

It's all right, I know. I've wanted to do that ever since I laid eyes on you.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

He smiles, getting misty himself. But she suddenly pushes him away and jumps up, pulling on her robe. He reaches out to her, but she pulls away.

CONNIE

Don't touch me. Don't ever touch me again.

O'CONNELL

What's wrong?

CONNIE

Nothing. Nothing's wrong. Because nothing happened. Understand? This didn't happen, it couldn't. Because I'm marrying Tim. Would I ever get mixed up with someone like you when I'm marrying him? 'Course I wouldn't. And I didn't. So just stay away from me and forget it.

Shocked speechless, O'Connell just nods. At the cabin door:

CONNIE

One last thing -- don't touch me. You touch me again, I'll kill you.

She exits, closing the door, leaving a numb O'Connell behind.

15 EXT THE NILE -- NIGHT

15

The moon -- an image that seems weirdly distorted at first. Then we recognize it's only a reflection in the moving water.

16 EXT THE THEBAN DESERT -- DAY

16

Now we see what the expedition is up against as the real journey begins: a CARAVAN makes its way through an absolutely desolate landscape of rock hills and sand, raked and tortured by a pitiless wind and a sun so fierce it's almost black.

17 EXT THE CARAVAN -- SUNSET

17

The caravan is made up of the fellahs workers walking behind camels and donkeys laden with crates and supplies while O'Connell, in military khakis, beret, and pistol belt, walks a horse on point, Connie, Hilton and Hendry, in khakis and pith helmets, plodding along on horses behind him, the whole column of men and animals moving in virtual unison, step after tiresome step. We can tell they've been at it for a long time -- no one speaks, Hilton and Hendry so tired and saddle-sore they just stare listlessly at the ground before them.

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17 CONTINUED:

17

But in the distance we can MAKE OUT a column of Egyptian soldiers in trucks. We SEE the OFFICER in the lead truck stand in his seat and wave as they heading west, away from them -- towards civilization. O'Connell waves back as they continue east, into the setting sun -- and the unknown....

18 EXT THE DESERT -- MORNING

18

Mid-morning now and the caravan already seems to move in slow motion when O'Connell suddenly spurs his horse into a trot and moves out to the top of a ridge just ahead. The sight rouses Hilton from his torpor and he trots up to join O'Connell.

HILTON

Problem, Mr. O'Connell?

O'CONNELL

No problem. That's it. That's your Valley of the Seven Jackals.

Connie and Hendry ride up even with Hilton and they stare down. It is a small rock valley without so much as a blade of grass in sight, with walls of sheer limestone or flood-deposited rubble bordering a jagged floor. The 3 travellers exchange looks, more bewildered than triumphant.

O'CONNELL

Well, they know we're here.

HENDRY

Who?

O'CONNELL

The local Tuaregs, whichever ones they are...

He points, and they SEE 3 tiny dark figures on the far ridge.

HENDRY

Abiya, most likely. Do you speak that language?

O'CONNELL

I don't know anybody who speaks it. It's not really Arabic.

HENDRY

The *Abiya* aren't exactly Tuaregs, either. No written language or history, but they've been around forever -- maybe even since the time of the pharaohs.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

O'CONNELL

With luck they'll have a headman
who speaks English or French. I'll
have some *baksheesh* ready to grease
his palm when they come down.

HILTON

Maybe we could hire some for the
digging teams.

O'CONNELL

Tuaregs? Are you kidding? I'd
advise all of you to keep your
sidearms with you day and night.

The others check their sidearms and as O'Connell starts down
into the valley, they hurry to catch up.

19 EXT THE VALLEY -- TWILIGHT

19

A camp has been set up in a small gully -- large living tents
erected for the 4 Europeans, rope corrals for the animals,
smaller tents for the fellahs farther up the gully.

As the last light plays over the unwelcoming walls of the
valley, O'Connell, Hilton and Hendry sit by a roaring campfire
on folding chairs, studying a map of the area on a small camp
table. Connie drifts in, waiting for the business to be over.

HENDRY

An Egyptian tomb by preference
faced the rising sun -- so best
look on the west ridge.

HILTON

But how do we start? Where do we
look?

O'Connell studies the ridge, then quickly starts making a
series of marks on the map.

O'CONNELL

That's easy. Plot it like an
artillery barrage...

20 EXT THE WEST RIDGE -- DAY

20

O'Connell has staked out his grid over the vast area, marking
it with ropes -- like a gigantic chess board....

21 EXT THE WEST RIDGE -- DAY

21

O'Connell is instructing teams to dig trenches along the lines of the grid as Hendry comes up to him nervously, pointing over his shoulder. O'Connell doesn't have to look.

O'CONNELL

I see them.

Across the valley 2 BLACK-CLAD MEN and a YOUNG GIRL are watching from the other side of the Valley of the Seven Jackals....

22 EXT THE CAMP -- NIGHT

22

The four Europeans sit around the fire, drinking brandy.

HENDRY

The organs -- viscera, heart, even the brains -- were immediately removed and placed in special canopic jars.

CONNIE

Heavens to Betsy...

HENDRY

The method for removing the brain was actually quite ingenious. Special tools were inserted into the nostrils and poked through the nasal wall into skull--

HILTON

Oh, please...

CONNIE

No, I want to hear!

HENDRY

All right, well, the brains were cut up, then pulled out through the nasal passage, the inner skull walls scraped. Then an astringent liquid was poured in and sloshed around the skull to dislodge and dissolve any remaining debris--

CONNIE

OKAY... that's enough.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

HENDRY

But mummification was a highly ritualized process. The skin was bathed in salt natron and wrapped in linen strips --

HILTON

And there you are, a mummy!

O'CONNELL

What'd they hope to gain by all that?

HILTON

To preserve the body until the dead person's four mortal ghosts or identities could be magically reunited in the underworld.

HENDRY

The four ghosts were the Ka, a person's vital energy, the Ba, his unique personality--

HILTON

That was represented as a bird with the person's face on it.

CONNIE

Sounds cute.

HENDRY

The Kaibit, a person's shadow--

HILTON

And the Sekhu, his mortal remains, which had to be preserved to merge with the other ghosts in the afterlife.

CONNIE

And if they didn't get back together?

HILTON

The dead person would die a second time -- and that death would be eternal.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

HENDRY

There was an obscure cult of Set which thought the individual ghosts might be called forth and incarnated in this world, creating strange beings--

HILTON

-- a creature, say, who was all shadow, or all energy --

HENDRY

There's even a theory, admittedly rather silly on the face of it, saying it was creatures of this sort who built the pyramids, the colossi of Abu Simbel, et cetera...

HILTON

See, no one's ever explained how the damn things were engineered. Enormous blocks of stone carried hundreds of miles and lifted to heights a modern shipyard crane couldn't manage...

Connie turns to O'Connell, indicating Hilton and Hendry.

CONNIE

And they actually call themselves scientists, Mr. O'Connell.

23 INT A ROOM MADE OF STONE -- NIGHT

23

We are LOOKING UP at the grotesque shadows from an oil lamp thrown across a vaulted ceiling as suddenly, a black obsidian BLADE plunges INTO FRAME to the sounds of TEARING FLESH and BLOOD RUSHING as a red sea of it obliterates everything and--

24 INT CONNIE'S TENT -- NIGHT

24

Connie jumps up from her cot, jerked out of a deep sleep. Instantly unsure of what awoke her, she reaches for her Colt .38 special revolver, and steps outside...

25 EXT THE CAMP -- NIGHT

25

Silence is profound and suffocating as we make out dim outlines of moonlit rock, but with nothing stirring, no one moving, only an oppressive emptiness. Connie lowers her pistol, starting back inside the tent when an ARM REACHES from the shadows, grabbing her shoulder and whirling her around. She stiffens with a convulsive jerk -- but it's O'Connell.

O'CONNELL

Stay inside your tent at night.
It's not safe out here.

CONNIE

(practically hissing)
What the hell do you care?

O'CONNELL

It's my job.

CONNIE

(pauses, lowers voice)
Look... in case you're still
wondering, nothing happened on that
boat. You realize that, don't you?

O'CONNELL

It's no use trying to act like a
grown-up, not with me. I could see
you'd never done anything like that
in your life before. I want to know
why you did it that night.

CONNIE

What's your guess?

O'CONNELL

Probably because you're one of the
damned.

Not expecting that, she looks at him in shock -- and for a moment wears the naked, terrified expression of a lost child.

O'CONNELL (CONT)

Don't worry. I am, too.

He nods, his face taking on a little of her fearful expression. But then her face hardens again as she turns and goes back into her tent...

26 EXT THE WEST RIDGE -- DAY

26

The teams are hard at work, signing Arabic hauling chants while opening trenches along the lines of O'Connell's grid. He walks among them, directing, encouraging the work, which is gruelling in the violent morning sun.

Meanwhile Hendry stumbles through the rocks on the far side of the dig, climbing up for a better view of the scene.

O'Connell turns to SEE that 2 FIGURES have materialized near him, Tuaregs, the dreaded "blue-men" of the desert, so-called because their faces are often bluish from the blue veils they all wear): a tall MAN, draped elegantly in black Bedouin-type robes, with extremely intense eyes, seeming to almost literally seeth with veiled purpose... and a YOUNG GIRL, also in black, with a profusion of silver jewelry, about 14, her heartbreakingly beautiful face innocent and without guile. O'Connell approaches both with a sort of unhurried formality.

O'CONNELL
Ahlan wa sahlan, effendi.

The Tuaregs stare at O'Connell with something like hatred.

TUAREG
 You welcome me to the Valley of the Seven Jackals? I am *Âbiya*, any welcome here is for me to extend.

O'CONNELL
 Oh... well thanks.

That wasn't exactly what the man meant, but he appreciates O'Connell's wit.

TUAREG
 What do you dig for here?

O'CONNELL
 Easter eggs.

TUAREG
 All in this valley belongs to the *Âbiya*.

O'Connell takes out Marbot's official-looking digging permit.

O'CONNELL
 This is a paper from the King's minister in Cairo. It says what we
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

O'CONNELL (cont'd)
 dig for here, what we take for
 ourselves, what for Cairo.

TUAREG
 And what for the *Âbiya*?

O'Connell produces a small pouch and tosses it to the man.

O'CONNELL
 Gold. And if the *Âbiya* don't like
 this paper they can go for justice
 to the soldiers in *Wadi Hamma*.

TUAREG
 The soldiers in *Wadi Hamma* are
 nothing to the *Âbiya*.

O'Connell smiles, a faint liking for the guy beginning in him.

O'CONNELL
 Nor to me, *effendi*. So take my gift
 -- since it honors you.

TUAREG
 The *Âbiya* will take it. But listen
 to my warning, *effendi*. The *Âbiya*
 see you.

Suddenly Hendry calls out to him from a trench on the far side
 of the grid.

HENDRY
 O'Connell! Find Mr. Hilton!

O'Connell starts towards Hendry, alarmed by the urgency in his
 voice, but Hendry waves him back.

HENDRY (CONT)
 No! Find Hilton!

27 EXT THE WEST RIDGE -- DAY

27

Hilton is down in a trench, examining an area of flat bedrock.
 Hendry and O'Connell are standing above him, O'Connell looking
 puzzled.

HENDRY
 It's worked stone, Mr. O'Connell.

Hilton is pulling rocks away from the flat stone.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

HILTON

It's the edge of a step.

(to O'Connell)

Put all the men to work here, Mr.
O'Connell.

28 EXT THE EXCAVATION -- DAY

28

Afternoon and the workers have already cleared several steps, revealing the bottom of a portal cut into the solid rock of the valley wall. Hendry is down in the hole, checking for inscriptions, Connie, Hilton and O'Connell above him.

HILTON

Think of the odd chances that brought us all here. As a young man, Hendry unearthed the original fragment at Amarna, on his first dig. Then, within a week of Connie coming out, he found the second part in the bazaar at Cairo.

CONNIE

Kismet.

HILTON

Then, thanks to a little falling-out with the French Foreign Legion, Mr. O'Connell sets us digging in the right place. It's fate -- working itself out.

O'CONNELL

Just common sense, Mr. Hilton. And maybe a little good luck.

But Hilton is staring rapturously at the steps, dreaming of gold.

29 EXT THE EXCAVATION -- NIGHT

29

A small fire burns beside the open hole and an armed Arab sits beside it, guarding the find. O'Connell walks past and nods, heading back toward the camp where the fire has dwindled to embers, and all the tents but one are dark. Connie's tent, however, blazes from the alcohol lamp inside.

As O'Connell gets closer he SEES Connie's silhouette on the walls of her tent: With her nightgown down around her waist, she is washing herself from a small basin. He watches her for a moment -- her outline moving gently like an animated wall

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

painting from another time. Suddenly there is a voice inches from O'Connell's face:

HILTON (OS)

"And it came to pass in an eventide
that David walked upon the roof..."

O'Connell turns to see Hilton standing there. He's smiling.

HILTON (CONT)

"... and he saw a woman washing
herself -- and the woman was very
beautiful to look upon..."

(beat)

It's from the Bible.

O'CONNELL

I had enough of that in school.

30 EXT THE EXCAVATION -- DAY

30

The pile of debris dumped at the foot of the excavation has grown enormous now as Hilton, Hendry, and O'Connell, equipped with toolbelts and flashlights descend the stairs, pausing themselves by the doorway before entering--

31 INT THE SHAFT -- DAY

31

O'Connell leads Hilton and Hendry down the dark, claustrophobic passage, lighting the way with his flashlight, its beam faint and eerie, dust motes swirling around it. Behind, Hilton carries a dim upright lantern.

O'CONNELL

I think we've reached the end of
the shaft. If we go any deeper
we're gonna have to move very
carefully.

He halts, pointing his light at the roof of the shaft. There's a LONG CRACK running its entire length. Hilton and Hendry look at it gravely -- then all proceed to the far end of the shaft. Here we can just MAKE OUT that the shaft ends in a wall, half covered by a mound of uncleared earth and rubble in front of it. Hilton takes a deep breath and begins clearing the last of the rubble away. and--

Presently he uncovers a low wooden double door, painted in colors that leap out as brightly as the day they were applied, three thousand years ago. The huge design on the door is of a stylized WEDJAT EYE which seems to stare out at the intruders like an incomprehensible warning. The two handles on it are secured with ancient, blackened silk twine, its coils gathered

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

together and fastened with a clay seal. Hendry bends down to examine it, donning spectacles.

HENDRY

Broken, then resealed in antiquity.
The seal of--

HILTON

Ank-es-en-amun?

HENDRY

No... A name I don't recognize, a
man's name. Looks like... Kharis.

But now the old scientist grabs Hilton's wrist with surprising vigor, his voice suddenly charged with awe and adrenalin as:

HENDRY (CONT)

But Hilton, good God! It is a tomb!
And Late Kingdom, it is indeed.
That means it hasn't been entered
in three thousand years.

As dust settles in the beam from the flashlight, the three men stand there in the darkness, facing a door, sealed shut for three thousand years, that opens onto... what? And we can positively FEEL the chills thrilling every fiber of their beings. Hardly able to speak, Hilton finally turns to O'Connell.

HILTON

Go get Connie. She's got to be
here.

O'Connell heads back out of the shaft as--

32 EXT THE EXCAVATION -- DAY

32

O'Connell takes Connie's hand without a word, leading her into the shaft and--

33 INT THE SHAFT -- DAY

33

O'Connell and Connie approach Hilton and Hendry, Hilton looking almost unhinged by what's happening, Hendry shaking like a leaf.

HILTON

Connie...

He steps away from the door -- and Connie SEES the wedjat eye. Suddenly:

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

CONNIE
Oh... Timmy, come outside.

HILTON
What?

CONNIE
Don't go any further.

HILTON
Connie -- this is the tomb.

CONNIE
Don't go in there.

She starts pulling him away from the door, tears running down her cheeks.

CONNIE (CONT)
Please!

HILTON
Connie!

CONNIE
(screaming now)
Get out of here -- all of you!

They stare at her in shock. She turns and runs back up the shaft. A troubled pause -- Hilton is really rattled now, on the verge of losing his nerve. Finally mastering himself:

HILTON (CONT)
Open it.

Hendry kneels down and cuts the ancient twine with a scalpel from his belt. He tries to open the doors, but they still seem to be secured. Hendry takes O'Connell's flashlight and shines it through the crack between the doors.

HENDRY
Good Lord, there's another seal --
but on the other side. It's sealed
from the inside!

HILTON
Cut it, for God's sake!

Pushing his scalpel into the door crack with trembling hands, Hendry cuts the inside seal -- and at that exact moment we HEAR heavy TREMORS deep within the rock and the ridge above them shifts, making a resounding CRACK in the shaft's roof.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

Everyone freezes. A tense pause, then Hendry opens the doors, looking up at Hilton.

HENDRY

Will you do the honors, Hilton?

But O'Connell is looking more and more apprehensive.

O'CONNELL

With your permission, gentlemen -- before either of you risk yourselves, I think it'd better if I checked the state of the vault in there.

That seems like not only a good idea, but a gallant one as well. Flashlight in hand, O'Connell bends down to enter the low opening, disappearing in the darkness and into--

34 INT A CHAMBER -- DAY

34

O'Connell's light beam passes across the unadorned surface of a long and narrow chamber, with no exit except the door he just came through -- a dead end.

HILTON (OS)

Do you see anything?

O'CONNELL

No -- well, the vault maybe... yes.

The torch suddenly ILLUMINATES the corpse of a man lying on the stone floor by the far wall, shrivelled, dessicated, but otherwise astonishingly well preserved in tattered clothing of ancient design.

O'CONNELL (CONT)

There's a body.

Hilton can't bear it any longer and scrambles into the chamber with Hendry right behind. Meanwhile, O'Connell has knelt down beside the corpse, staring at it in total fascination.

HILTON

A mummy?

O'Connell reaches his hand out towards the figure.

O'CONNELL

No...

HILTON

Don't--

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Too late -- O'Connell has instinctively touched the corpse's hand. The corpse immediately collapses in on itself -- reduced to a pile of dust in an instant while in the next, O'Connell gives convulsive jerk, as though a massive electric current has passed through him. He collapses in a heap. Hendry rushes to him, but:

HILTON
For Christ's sake -- don't touch
anything!

At a loss, Hilton and Hendry look down at the dusty outline of the corpse on the floor.

HENDRY
Must've been the body of an ancient
tomb-robber.

HILTON
Robbing what? There's nothing here.

MORE TREMORS and ANOTHER CRACKING sound above -- then part of chamber vault collapses, along with most of the far wall, REVEALING an opening into the going into the heart of the rock! With trembling hand, Hilton shines his flashlight through the opening.

HILTON
Hendry!

He hurries through the opening, Hendry right after him.

HILTON (CONT; OS)
A burial chamber!

HENDRY
Is it?

HILTON (CONT; OS)
Oh, God...

35 INT BURIAL CHAMBER -- DAY

35

An even larger room cut from the rock, somberly but evenly lit by Hilton's upright lantern. On its walls are dark paintings of the god Set in a strange, unfamiliar style of black lines and grey wash, with odd traces of color.

In the center of the chamber, on a stone bier, lies a coffin done in painted wood with gold leaf accents. Apart from the absence of a stone outer sarcophagus, it's a typical Late

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Kingdom coffin except for one disturbing fact -- its towering size.

On the floor, at each corner of the bier, are crude clay figures of jackals -- not stylized representations of Anubis, the jackal-headed god of the underworld, but grotesque seated images of real jackals, powerful and threatening, like guardian demons.

HILTON

What is this? What have we found?

But Hendry can only shake his head.

HENDRY

I've never seen anything like it.
The wall paintings...

He examines them in wonder, walking up to a hieroglyphic inscription.

HENDRY (CONT)

"... the virgin's youth to Kharis,
for life and breath..."

The two men stare at the strange sights around them, transfixed for a moment, then Hilton flies at the coffin, trying to pry its top off. Hendry looks around -- notices for the first time that he and Hilton are alone in the chamber.

HENDRY

O'Connell!

36 INT THE FIRST CHAMBER -- DAY

36

Hendry darts back into the chamber. O'Connell lies apparently unconscious under fragments of the shaft ceiling. As Hendry digs away the debris, O'Connell opens his eyes suddenly.

O'CONNELL

Eimi akakatos . . .

HENDRY

O'Connell?

O'Connell repeats what he said. Like no known language, it sounds not only strange, but not even of this earth.

HENDRY

What in God's name...

Head clearing, O'Connell focuses on Hendry.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

O'CONNELL
I'm all right. Is anyone hurt?

HENDRY
No -- but what did you just say?

O'CONNELL
I said, I'm all right.

HILTON (OS)
Hendry! Help me!

Helping O'Connell up, they return to the burial chamber--

37 INT BURIAL CHAMBER -- DAY

37

As Hilton struggles with the coffin lid, Hendry and O'Connell join him, lifting it off. Hilton shines a light inside.

A mummy of heroic stature lies pathetically decomposed in the coffin, withered, rotted, little more than a skeleton with linen wrappings resting in a bed of sand. Hilton's face drops.

HILTON
It's ruined!

But Hendry seems horrified by something else.

HENDRY
No Canopic jars... the organs are intact. And packed in sand. He wasn't embalmed...

HILTON
Jesus...

HENDRY
There's worse, I'm afraid. Look at the wrappings!

As Hilton does so, his puzzlement slowly turns to horror...

HILTON
Torn apart in places, like he was... struggling?

HENDRY
Buried alive.

The ridge CREAKS above them -- more fragments of rock fall from the vault of the first shaft. The three men turn and run towards safety.

38 EXT THE EXCAVATION -- TWILIGHT

38

As workers remove the resealed coffin from the mouth of the tomb, O'Connell trots over to the *Abiya* headman, who has been watching the work from a respectful distance.

O'CONNELL

No gold, *effendi*. A painted coffin, a moth-eaten mummy, some ugly little statues.

BEDOU

Will they take these things from the valley?

O'CONNELL

I suppose. But they're very disappointed.

Meanwhile, at a work tent near the tomb, Hilton instructs the workers to carry the coffin into the tent, following them inside as--

39 INT WORK TENT -- TWILIGHT

39

Hendry, at a small portable desk, is poring over methodical tracings he's made of the strange wall paintings -- in one of which we SEE seven jackals eating a papyrus scroll. He hardly looks up as Hilton directs the workers to deposit the coffin onto a crate in the center of the tent.

The bizarre jackal statues already rest in open crates around it near where Hilton's mummified cat lies neglected in a corner. Hilton goes over and picks it up.

HILTON

I haven't forgotten you.

He sets it down at the foot of the coffin and looks around.

HENDRY

Look at this!

But Hilton isn't interested.

HILTON

Just a complete bust-out, isn't it?

40 EXT THE CAMPFIRE -- NIGHT

40

Connie, looking wild-eyed and restless, sits with Hilton and Hendry.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

HENDRY

Well, the coffin is exceptional.

HILTON

Oh, yes -- lovely old box. They
might make room for it at the
Public Library in Weehauken.

Connie suddenly jumps to her feet.

CONNIE

You found your tomb, let's get out
of here! Let somebody else pack it
up!

HENDRY

I need a few days to complete my --

Shaking with the anger and fear she's struggled with all day,
Connie runs from the fire. Hilton shrugs, utterly defeated.

HILTON

Everything's going to hell.

HENDRY

I tell you, Hilton, what we've
discovered here is absolutely
unique. From an archeological
standpoint it will certainly--

Just then O'Connell steps into the firelight. Hendry leaps up.

HENDRY (CONT)

How are you, O'Connell?

O'CONNELL

I'm fine. Where's Miss Barnes?

HILTON

She was just here...

HENDRY

Something I'd like to ask you,
O'Connell. I hope you don't mind,
but... Well, I don't suppose you
have anything like a classical
education, do you?

O'CONNELL

(laughs out loud)

I can say part of a Hail Mary in
Latin. That's about it.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

HENDRY

Do you have any idea what you said
in the tomb today? When you were
injured?

O'CONNELL

What are you talking about?

HENDRY

You said, "*Eimi akakatos*" -- "I'm
well." In Greek.

O'CONNELL

What?

HENDRY

Ancient Greek.

Suddenly there is a NEIGHING SOUND from the horses at the rope corral. O'Connell rushes towards it time to SEE Connie galloping off into the shadows of the valley. O'Connell runs for his own horse as a powerful hot WIND GUSTS up.

O'CONNELL

No!

41 INT WORK TENT -- NIGHT

41

And now things begin to happen the way they only do in nightmares as the mummified cat, lying at the foot of the coffin in the deserted work tent starts to TREMBLE and TWITCH...

42 EXT THE ROPE CORRAL -- NIGHT

42

Finished saddling his horse, O'Connell vaults astride it and gallops off towards the west ridge, after Connie, while--

43 INT THE WORK TENT -- NIGHT

43

3 dark figures slip into the tent -- and in the gloomy, uncertain light from the sputtering kerosene lamp we can barely RECOGNIZE the first 2 as the Tuareg headman and another *Âbiya* TRIBESMAN. Carrying huge goatskin water bags, they begin, unaccountably, to empty them into the coffin and we can HEAR ancient, radically dehydrated wood grain, fabric, and human tissue GROAN and CREAK as the moisture hits it for the first time in three millenia. Meanwhile, standing a few paces behind them, trembling like a leaf, is the exquisitely beautiful 14 year-old *Âbiya* girl.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

When they've emptied the goatskin bags, the girl steps up to the coffin. Inside is now a vile, fetid, brownish liquid, bubbling slightly as bits of detestable anaerobic putrescence float to the surface. Drawing one of her lovely small hands to her heart, she holds it out over the coffin, she pauses fearfully, true, bowel-churning terror in her eyes... but the eyes of the Tuareg headman burn with such irresistible command that, even while struggling to fight off involuntary nausea, she meekly submits, PLUNGING her hand into the reeking fluid right where the heart of the decomposed mummy would be....

44 EXT THE CAMPFIRE -- NIGHT

44

Hilton and Hendry look up as a what sounds like a THUNDERCLAP floats in on the wind -- perhaps it's only the wind playing tricks. Hilton buries his face in his hands.

HILTON

We shouldn't have come here,
Hendry.

HENDRY

Nonsense--

Suddenly startled by hurried FOOTSTEPS in the night, they look up to SEE 2 figures disappearing into the darkness near the work tent. Hilton jumps to his feet and follows after them, shouting back at Hendry:

HILTON

Stay here!

Hendry takes out his Webley revolver and looks fearfully into the surrounding gloom as--

45 EXT THE VALLEY -- NIGHT

45

Hilton races through a dark jumble of boulders, catching up with the smaller figure, grabbing its hand and spinning it around. It's the 14 year-old girl -- but the skin around her eyes is now desiccated and discolored, as if with leprosy. She GASPES and pulls away fiercely, fleeing from Hilton. But to his unutterable horror and loathing, she has left two rotted FINGERS behind in his hand. What is happening?

HILTON

GHNNAAAGH!

He throws them down and races back towards the fire where--

46 EXT THE CAMPFIRE -- NIGHT

46

Hilton dashes back into the firelight again. Hendry jumps up.

HENDRY
What happened?

Utterly disoriented, Hilton can hardly say. Instead:

HILTON
Uh, look, I need to find O'Connell.
Then we're getting out, so don't
move -- stay by the fire. Keep your
gun by you. Keep it in your hand.

Hilton dashes towards the horses at the rope corral. Hendry hesitates a moment, then shakes his head:

HENDRY
My tracings!

He runs off towards the work tent while--

47 EXT THE DESERT -- NIGHT

47

Connie races her mare at a lunatic pace over the rough ground. Her eyes are wild, terrified -- suddenly, for no apparent reason, she lets out a long, continuous SCREAM, her cry swallowed eerily in the profound silence of the desert night--

48 EXT THE TOP OF THE WEST RIDGE -- NIGHT

48

O'Connell pulls up, changing his horse's lead and veering in the direction of Connie's second SCREAM at a full gallop as--

49 EXT THE WORK TENT -- NIGHT

49

Racing up breathless, Hendry fearfully enters the work tent--

50 INT THE WORK TENT -- NIGHT

50

Inside, Hendry immediately chokes, pulling out a handkerchief and covering his nose and mouth against the awesome stench. Approaching the worktable and gathering his tracing, he NOTICES the disturbed state of everything, including the cat mummy, now lying still on the other side of the coffin. As Hendry bends down to pick it up -- SUDDENLY THE MUMMY SITS BOLT UPRIGHT!

He is not as he was before. Now re-hydrated, suddenly size and mass have been added to his tremendous height, vastly increasing his visual impact. Though for now we only see quick

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

glimpses of Kharis, his overall impression in form and movement is of inhuman wrongness, something designed in hell, like some huge, obscene preying mantis in bandages, made of rotting human flesh. As for his face --

Once glimpsed, it is never forgotten -- Kharis is no latex creation, but an actual, wizened human corpse, re-animated.

Hendry watches, frozen in absolute, disbelieving, insensate awe as the Mummy's JAW DROPS OPEN with a sickening "TOCK", and a SOUND emanates from inside him, low, vibrating -- and all wrong -- like a current rushing between the walls of an undersea cavern -- his first breath in 3,000 years.

Gazing at something incomprehensible, Hendry struggles to come to grips with what he's seeing, but now--

Kharis OPENS HIS EYES -- and beneath the parchment-like lids, they are like small rotten, liquefied eggs, dull and sightless.

Hendry lets out a high, barking cry, his own pale violet eyes going wider and wider. As Kharis turns toward him, leaning his face close to his, he goes over the edge of insensibility to the absolute limits of human fear, so that instead of crying out, HE GIGGLES in terror, his pale violet eyes so wide now they almost--

51 EXT THE VALLEY -- NIGHT

51

A CRY FROM HELL splits the night...

52 EXT THE DESERT -- NIGHT

52

Connie can't, or won't stop. O'Connell gallops up beside her, grabbing her by the waist and swinging her out of her saddle and onto his hip before her horse takes three more strides and drops dead in the sand. O'Connell reins in and stops, hauling her up ahead of him in the saddle as he dismounts. Connie stares at him a moment, then kisses him violently on the mouth. Then, with a soft cry, she sags against him, falling unconscious in his arms as:

HILTON (OS)
O'Connell!

It sounds like the voice of a terrified child. O'Connell looks up to SEE Hilton galloping madly towards them and waving.

Then the desert silence is suddenly rent by SOMETHING ELSE: shouting, confusion -- and finally horrible CRIES echo off the walls of the valley behind them. Hilton reins in his horse and stops beside them.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

HILTON (CONT)

My God, I think the camp's under attack!

O'CONNELL

Ride to *Wadi Hamma* for the soldiers there. Be careful -- they'll have parties out looking for us.

HILTON

What about Hendry?

But O'Connell shakes his head emphatically.

O'CONNELL

Judging by that sound, probably dead by now -- if he's lucky.

Hilton nods, then looks at Connie.

HILTON

Is she all right?

O'CONNELL

Get moving. My horse is shot but I'll try to get us to somewhere safe for the night.

Hilton turns his horse and gallops off again. Suddenly GUNSHOTS and DEATH SHRIEKS ring out from the valley. O'Connell spurs his horse towards the shadows of a nearby canyon.

53 EXT THE CAMP -- NIGHT

53

The camp is in some kind of uproar of unknown origin with terrified Arab workers running in all directions, some shooting, some shouting. Hendry stumbles through the confusion with his back to us as one of the Arab workers runs up behind him, grabbing his arm and sobbing:

ARAB WORKER

Effendi! Effendi!

But as he turns Hendry around, he suddenly SCREAMS in horror and revulsion because--

54 EXT ANOTHER PART OF CAMP - NIGHT

54

IN EXTREME CLOSE-UP Hendry's pale violet EYES move through the camp where the workers' tents are pitched, walking midst the

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

confusion of running, screaming men with the light from the tent fires flickering in them, moving slowly, inexorably past quick glimpses of bloody, shredded tent canvas and rent, broken bodies, all as if in a nightmare -- Hendry's eyes all right, but slightly ill-fitting and askew in their bloody sockets -- because they are set in Kharis' face.

And now, as the screams and terror seem to swell with a new, impossibly intensity, the campfires throw hellish shadows over the valley walls, suggesting horrors literally beyond imagination...

55 EXT THE CANYON ABOVE THE VALLEY -- DAWN

55

Connie still sleeps beside O'Connell, who's kept watch over her all through this awful night, his service Colt .45 in hand. Suddenly he SEES a FIGURE clambers over the lip of the valley, silhouetted against the rising sun as it slowly moves towards them. O'Connell raises his pistol and takes aim, waiting for his moment when he suddenly lowers it, jumping up and running toward the figure instead.

O'CONNELL
Hendry!

HENDRY
I still see him! I still see
him!

O'Connell gets very close before getting a good look at Hendry's face -- now SEEING that his eyes have been torn from their sockets. He stiffens, taking Hendry's arm as--

At that moment a distant GROWL announces the arrival of 2 British Crosseley Tenders -- dusty armored vehicles carrying a platoon of EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS.

56 EXT THE VALLEY -- DAY

56

Utter silence. A picket line of Egyptian soldiers has been thrown around the camp. The CAPTAIN of the garrison is addressing Hilton and Connie, who holds the hand of Hendry, who lies on a stretcher, eyes bandaged.

Standing a few yards away, O'Connell listens to an OLD SERGEANT tell him something in Arabic. O'Connell's face is grim, sickened.

Meanwhile, the Captain explains things to Hilton:

CAPTAIN
The men working for you are dead,
Mr. Hilton. All of them.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

HILTON
What -- what happened?

CAPTAIN
Well, as you suspected, it was
the work of bandits. But we will
avenge this, Mr. Hilton. Meantime
you must get the injured man and
this woman back to Cairo without
delay.

HILTON
What about my artifacts?

CAPTAIN
There is no sign of the mummy you
took from the tomb, but the rest
of it --

O'Connell suddenly pulls Hilton aside, whispering fiercely in
his ear.

O'CONNELL
I'll see to your artifacts,
Hilton. Get your woman out of
here.

HILTON
But what --

O'Connell digs his fingers into Hilton's arm, pulls him
farther away.

O'CONNELL
This wasn't any bandits. Or wild
animals, either. You know what
that sergeant down there just
told me? Our men weren't just
killed, they were torn apart. I
mean literally torn limb from
limb.

HILTON
What...

O'CONNELL
And then put back together again -
- but all wrong. He said by
something... unholly.

HILTON
But why? Who on earth--

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

Hendry suddenly rises from his stretcher and almost screams:

HENDRY
Kharis!

FADE OUT

57

57

FADE IN:

58 EXT STEAMSHIP, NEW YORK HARBOR -- DAY

58

An overcast sky. O'Connell and Hendry stand at the rail as the ship steams past the Statue of Liberty with the Manhattan rising preposterously beyond. Hendry holds O'Connell's arm, wearing dark glasses over his empty eye sockets.

HENDRY
Always wanted to see New York.

He LAUGHS -- not pleasantly. O'Connell stares at the city.

O'CONNELL
Another great wonder of the world.

Hendry suddenly grows serious.

HENDRY
Who are you, O'Connell?

It's an odd question -- but O'Connell seems to know what he means.

O'CONNELL
No one, I was raised in an orphanage in Baltimore by Jesuits. Good guys, tough men. No attachments to anything in this world. If I had any faith, any faith at all, I'd be one of them.

HENDRY
The world -- is not to your taste.

O'CONNELL
Tired of it, Hendry. And I don't know why. I've travelled it like a Bedouin, ever since the War.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

O'CONNELL (cont'd)
 And every new place seems old as
 soon as I see it.

HENDRY
 And every woman's face.

O'CONNELL
 That especially.
 (beat)
 There's a lot of men like me,
 left over from the War. Trying to
 find the fear again -- that
 feeling of being alive.

Hendry suddenly grabs O'Connell's arm fiercely.

HENDRY
 Find out who you are, O'Connell.
 Before it's too late.

59 EXT TOWNHOUSE, GRAMERCY PARK -- NIGHT

59

A sleek Deusenberg limousine pulls up in front of an elegant double townhouse on the fashionable square and two men in trench coats and fedoras get out as a butler rushes out to escort them inside. It's O'Connell and Hendry, Hendry on O'Connell's arm.

60 INT TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

60

Hilton and Connie stand nervously in the entrance hall as the two men enter. Two dogs, large, genial-looking Belgian Shepherds, bark frantically at the strangers, and Hilton shoos them back down the hall.

The moment Connie sees Hendry she bursts into tears, rushing to embrace him. Hilton steps up and puts an arm on his shoulder.

HILTON
 You will never want for anything,
 Professor. Never again -- as
 long as you live.

Hendry calms down -- seems moved.

HENDRY
 Except for the sight of you --
 and Miss Barnes.

Connie starts crying again. O'Connell is clearly anxious to be gone.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

O'CONNELL

The crates are clearing customs.
I'll bring them here tomorrow
morning. I've checked into the
Fifth Avenue --

HILTON

Don't be silly, O'Connell.
You'll stay with us.

Connie is leading Hendry towards the stairs.

CONNIE

I'm going to send the professor
to bed.

HILTON

Of course. Of course. He's had
a long day.

They watch as Connie helps Hendry up the stairs. When they're
out of earshot:

HILTON

Is Hendry --

O'CONNELL

Oh, he's quite coherent. It's
just that what he says is insane.
He says the mummy blinded him.

HILTON

What?

O'CONNELL

He believes we disturbed some
sort of cult burial, with a curse
attached, and this mummy --
Kharis -- has somehow got the job
of enforcing it.

Hilton looks bewildered, trying to shut out the very idea of
it.

HILTON

Poor bastard!

CUT TO:

61 INT GUEST BEDROOM -- NIGHT

61

Connie sits beside Hendry as the old fellow lies uneasily in his bed. He slowly takes off his smoked glasses and we SEE that two hideous glass eyes now fill his eye sockets. Connie looks at them nervously, the sight bringing back a horror that is still fresh.

CONNIE

That night of the murders, in the valley, I felt like my blood was made of ice water. It was just this -- violent terror -- like I knew what was going to happen.

HENDRY

Maybe you did.

CONNIE

What do you mean?

HENDRY

On your left palm -- is there a mark?

Connie smiles, looks at her hand. There is a tiny red birthmark on the palm.

CONNIE

Oh, that's always been there. I'm surprised you noticed it.

HENDRY

I never did. It's there -- in the wall paintings I copied.

He points to a round leather document case with his luggage, near the bed.

CONNIE

What are you talking about?

HENDRY

It's possible . . . that you weren't in that valley by accident. That none of us were. We may have been called there -- by Set . . . or Isis! It's horrible! What it might mean!

CONNIE

Professor --

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

HENDRY
 I can't speak of it now!

Connie leans over and pats his brow.

CONNIE
 All right. All right . . .

CUT TO:

62 INT THE LIBRARY -- NIGHT

62

Hilton and O'Connell fall silent as Connie breezes into the room -- carrying the document in one hand and a tracing in the other.

CONNIE
 Look at this.

She comes over and spreads out the tracing on a coffee table between the two men.

ANGLE -- THE TRACING

Hendry has partially blocked in the tracing with watercolors. We SEE the figure of a man standing between the figures of another man and a woman. Each has a cartouche above its head, enclosing a hieroglyphic inscription. The flanking figures each have small red dots on their left palms, with red lines running up the arms to the heart.

CONNIE (CONT)
 I wonder what the inscriptions say.

HILTON
 They're names.

He points to the figure in the center.

HILTON (CONT)
 Kharis.

To the woman.

HILTON (CONT)
 Ank-es-en-amun.

To the figure on the other side of Kharis.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

HILTON (CONT)

Ionos. It's not an Egyptian name. It's Greek. Ionos the Greek, then. The name on the tablet.

CONNIE

The figures are very strange, aren't they?

HILTON

Yes. Very strange.

Connie closes her left hand instinctively.

CUT TO:

63 EXT THE REAR OF THE TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

63

Facing onto a mews. There is, improbably, a white-clad figure walking along a third storey ledge, towards a small balcony. We SEE that the figure is Connie, in a white satin wrapper, balancing precariously.

She climbs over the iron balcony rail and opens a French door onto a room.

CONTINUOUS:

64 INT A GUEST BEDROOM -- NIGHT

64

Connie floats in, looking like a wraith in the moonlight that spills into the darkened room. She walks over to a bed and SEES O'Connell sleeping in it.

She kneels down beside him, her face near his left hand, which is resting on top of the covers near the edge of the bed. She reaches out slowly and takes it in one of hers -- opens it gently . . . reacts to what she SEES . . . then she places his hand next to her cheek.

APPARENT REVERSE ANGLE

But NOT IN THIS SAME ROOM . . .

CUT TO:

65 INT A ROOM MADE OF STONE -- NIGHT

65

An ancient painted bed -- a man lying on it, opening his eyes, looking down on a figure who grasps his hand.

The man is handsome -- very like O'Connell -- but not O'Connell.

He speaks, in the eerie, droning cadences of a language not heard on the earth in a thousand years:

MAN
c12sd1212c'stewq1268

Mysterious, impenetrable words of despair and grief.

APPARENT REVERSE ANGLE

CUT TO:

66 INT O'CONNELL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

66

ON CONNIE -- who seems to reply, in a whisper, to the man's words:

CONNIE
All that is forgiven.

O'Connell turns in his sleep -- Connie seems to come to her senses, lets go of O'Connell's hand, rises and begins backing out of the room, towards the door she entered by, sensing unconsciously where it is. She backs out onto the balcony, where her form glows once again in the uncanny moonlight.

CUT TO:

67 INT LIVING ROOM, HILTON TOWNHOUSE -- DAY

67

Grand and formal. Filled to bursting with expensive bric-a-brac.

Hilton dusts the straw off one of the clay jackals from the tomb, which stands, like its three brethren, next to a shipping crate. The painted coffin lies on its own crate in their midst. Hilton looks exceptionally nervous. Hendry, seated in an armchair nearby, broods fearfully. Connie and O'Connell wait in the room as well.

Then a figure appears in the doorway -- CALEB HILTON, patriarch of the Hilton clan and engineer of its fortune, derived from worldwide brewing interests. The old man is a

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

stern, towering figure, with a handlebar moustache and a dark eye -- a look and style modeled, undoubtedly, on J. P. Morgan.

HILTON
Father.

As he walks in, the old man barely acknowledges his son -- turns instead to the others.

CALEB
Connie. Professor. Mr.
O'Connell.

He now turns a withering eye on Hilton.

CALEB (CONT)
You brought crates into my living room?

HILTON
I wanted you to see the objects as soon as possible.

The old man now seems to focus on the little display.

CALEB
Where's the rest of it?

HILTON
This is all we found -- but that in itself is significant. The coffin is a brilliant example of Late Kingdom decoration.

The old man looks at his son as though he's lost his mind. Hilton directs his attention to the jackals.

HILTON (CONT)
But these were the really interesting aspects of the tomb. Late Kingdom, almost certainly, but unique -- absolutely unique. Nothing like them has ever been found. Professor Hendry believes they may have a cult --

The old man cuts him off by suddenly addressing O'Connell:

CALEB
A million dollars.

O'CONNELL
Sir?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

CALEB
That's what it cost me.

He turns to his son.

CALEB (CONT)
Thank you for the viewing. I
hope you're . . . pleased with
your objects. I'm dining with
Whitney tonight and I really must
dress. I hope you'll all forgive
me.

He starts to go, but turns back to O'Connell.

CALEB
In the War, were you?

O'CONNELL
Yes, sir.
(pause)
Marines.

CALEB
Belleau Wood?

O'Connell doesn't want to answer that question -- but he does.

O'CONNELL
Yes.

The old man SNORTS his approval and leaves. An awkward
silence. Connie turns to Hilton.

CONNIE
I thought it went really well!

But Hilton dismisses her with a nod, walks over to O'Connell.

HILTON
I need to talk to you.

CUT TO:

68 INT THE LIBRARY -- DAY

68

Hilton and O'Connell sit in armchairs before a gigantic
blazing hearth, drinking brandy.

HILTON
Maybe it wasn't the tomb of
Tutankamun -- but it was a tomb.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

HILTON (cont'd)
 A window into time. It wasn't
 nothing!

O'CONNELL
 You found what you were looking
 for, Mr. Hilton. Not many people
 can say the same.

But Hilton seems agitated by something else -- which he hesitates to speak about. Then he takes a paper from his jacket, shows it to O'Connell -- a brochure advertising "The Applegate Institute of Egyptology".

O'CONNELL
 "The Applegate Institute of
 Egyptology"?

HILTON
 It's a crank organization, run by
 a dimwit millionaire called
 Applegate. Half museum, half
 vaudeville show, cashing in on
 the Tut craze.

O'Connell hands the page back.

O'CONNELL
 Wouldn't interest me.

HILTON
 This might.

Now he hands O'Connell a page torn out of a newspaper, an announcement for an Institute function. On it is an indistinct photograph of a mummy.

HILTON
 The fellow has some second-rate
 artifacts -- holds seances . . .
 now he's found himself a mummy.
 (beat)
 Look at it.

O'Connell shrugs.

O'CONNELL
 It's a mummy. Every carnival
 side show in the world has one.

HILTON
 It doesn't seem familiar?

O'Connell shrugs again.

(CONTINUED)

HILTON (CONT)

It's a mummy of unusual size -- over seven feet. It can't be a coincidence.

O'CONNELL

Have you seen it?

HILTON

No one's seen it. It's owned by an Egyptian, just arrived, named Ardeth Bey. Can't find out anything about him. They're having a private viewing next week -- some kind of publicity stunt. I want you to stay and look at it -- identify it if you can . . . give a statement to the police.

O'CONNELL

Haven't you had enough of all this?

HILTON

That's just what Connie said. She thinks I'm as crazy as Hendry. But I'm not crazy, O'Connell. I just want justice.

O'Connell stares at Hilton, who's looking very close to crazy.

O'CONNELL

All right. We'll see what we can do.

CUT TO:

In the Eighties -- mansion row, facing Central Park.

The Deusenberg drives through a gate onto a short drive, pulls up in front of an imposing residence gussied up with painted Egyptian figures and hieroglyphics. Two stone statues of the goddess Hathor, of doubtful authenticity, flank the grand entrance. Swells, society matrons, bright young things, file into the doors.

Connie, Hilton and O'Connell step out of the Deusenberg and follow them in. Connie is dressed in an evening gown, Hilton and O'Connell in white-tie-and-tails . . . O'Connell looking

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

as comfortable in this unaccustomed attire as he did in his Legionnaire's uniform.

CUT TO:

70 INT RECEPTION ROOM, THE INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

70

Connie is walking through the large room, chatting with Louise, a young woman about her age.

The mood is subdued, pretentious -- society and scholarship mingling smugly. A string quartet PLAYS. But the classiness of the occasion is marred somewhat by the scantily clad girls in Egyptian headdresses serving drinks.

Louise suddenly points to two large, powerful men wearing Egyptian warrior's garb. They have the features and bronze skin of American Indians and look like athletes or circus strong men, dense with muscle, barrel-chested. Pretty good imitations of Egyptian guards -- until one of them flips a cigarette into his mouth and lights it.

LOUISE

The Twinfeather brothers -- from Ringling's. They also juggle cannon balls.

(beat)

Yum yum.

CONNIE

(looking around)

What the hell is this?

LOUISE

It's a blast! Of course, you've seen the real thing.

CONNIE

I saw a lot of sand.

LOUISE

The desert! It must be so romantic . . .

CONNIE

It's horrible.

LOUISE

But there you were, under the stars, with Tim!

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

CONNIE
Timmy's a good kid . . .

LOUISE
A good kid? What are you saying
to me, sweetheart?

Connie isn't exactly sure. Finally:

CONNIE
Timmy used to make me laugh. You
know?

LOUISE
Geez -- would you get a load of
that?

She inclines her head at -- O'Connell. Standing by the
entrance to a library.

LOUISE
Isn't he vicious?

CONNIE
He's not the kind that sticks
around.

LOUISE
Well pack my bags and tell me
where he's going.

ANGLE -- O'CONNELL

Oblivious to the stir he's causing. Hilton comes up to him.

HILTON
There he is.

He POINTS to the entrance hall, where a crowd of gigantic
matrons is swarming around a dark-completed MAN, whose face
we don't see, standing beside his host COLONEL APPLEGATE, an
elderly, rotund, red-faced old captain of industry. Hilton
looks back at O'Connell.

HILTON (CONT)
Have you seen it?

O'Connell nods -- leads Hilton into the ballroom.

CONTINUOUS:

71 INT INSTITUTE LIBRARY -- NIGHT

71

Lit by candles and antique oil lamps. On a draped bier in the center of the huge room lies a mummy -- a mummy of extraordinary size. Its appearance is somewhere between the desiccated thing they first found in the tomb and the reanimated horror Hendry set eyes on. Strange and out of place here, like a long-dead corpse at an elegant wake.

Hilton and O'Connell walk up to it.

HILTON

You can see it's the same object.
Look at the markings on the shrouds.

He INDICATES some hieroglyphic letters on the linen wrapping.

O'CONNELL

I recognize it. It's just been cleaned up a little.

HILTON

Let's have a word with Mr. Ardeth Bey.

They head out of the room, as a young couple strolls in, GIGGLING, to view the guest of honor.

The YOUNG WOMAN walks up boldly to the bier, leans over the mummy.

YOUNG WOMAN

Snappy dresser, huh?

CONTINUOUS:

72 INT ENTRANCE HALL -- NIGHT

72

Hilton is making a beeline for the dark-completed man when Applegate spots him.

APPLEGATE

Oh, there you are, Hilton. Meet our guest of honor. A fellow Egyptologist!

The man turns around and Hilton is stopped dead in his tracks. "Ardeth Bey" is the Bedou headman from the Valley of the Seven Jackals.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

ARDETH BEY
 What an honor, Mr. Hilton. Is
 your fiancée with you tonight?

CONTINUOUS:

73 INT INSTITUTE LIBRARY -- NIGHT

73

The Young Woman we saw earlier has her face up close to the mummy's shrouds.

YOUNG WOMAN
 I want to touch it!

She does, shivering, and LAUGHS gleefully -- stops when the mummy with lightning, almost imperceptible speed, reaches up its arm and grabs her by the wrist.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT)
 Say, what is this?

YOUNG MAN
 Applegate!

The mummy, otherwise absolutely still, is cutting off the circulation of blood to the young woman's hand, and she can't break free.

As a few other guests drift in, drawn by the mild commotion -- THE MUMMY SITS BOLT UPRIGHT! Opens its eyes -- REVEALING new ill-fitting, and sickeningly fresh eyeballs in the sockets. The creature fastens its ruined mouth around the woman's nose -- and makes a ghastly SUCKING SOUND.

She faints dead away but doesn't move -- so tight is the mummy's grip. And now we learn what the creature was doing. He disengages from the woman and we SEE gobbets of grey matter oozing from his mouth -- he seems to stare at her -- then tosses her aside with unbelievable violence. Her head hits the marble floor with a hollow KNOCK.

The mummy has been sucking her brains out, through her nose.

The woman's young companion vomits down his white shirt front and simultaneously loses control of his bladder as he collapses onto the floor. The first SCREAMS begin as the mummy rises from his bier and moves, with a kind of insistent, repellent grace towards the crowd in the reception room.

CONTINUOUS:

74 INT ENTRANCE HALL -- NIGHT

74

The SCREAMS reach the ears of the crowd in the hall and it moves towards the sound of them . . .

CONTINUOUS:

75 INT RECEPTION ROOM -- NIGHT

75

The guests in the room huddle in bewilderment in a corner by huge French doors as the mummy moves towards them. But his eye is on one guest alone -- Connie. And he is speaking, incomprehensible WORDS, that don't seem to come from a human throat -- the sound is glutinous, gelatinous, as though produced by the vibrations of a putrescent tongue.

A plucky young man has grabbed a fire poker and approaches the mummy boldly.

PLUCKY MAN

Stay back!

Hilton and O'Connell enter the room in time to see the mummy reach out and grab the young man's wrist, the one holding the poker, and rip his arm out of the shoulder socket, toss it away across the room.

The crowd surges against the French doors, busting out window panes and finally shattering the doors themselves -- and as the mummy moves on relentlessly towards Connie she dashes through a shattered door onto the front of the house . . . and Hilton and O'Connell race after her. Ardeth Bey is nowhere to be seen.

CONTINUOUS:

76 EXT THE FRONT DRIVE -- NIGHT

76

Lying mostly in darkness under an overcast sky that obscures the moon. Connie is running flat out -- but the mummy, with the same uncanny, unhurried grace, is gaining on her . . . and they disappear through the front gate as Hilton and O'Connell run like hell after them -- past Ardeth Bey who has materialized on the drive and cries out what seems to be a warning:

ARDETH BEY
Kharis! No! The Eye of Isis!

CONTINUOUS:

77 EXT CENTRAL PARK -- NIGHT

77

Connie is moving on sheer adrenaline now -- dashing through a park entrance into the shadows beyond, tearing between giant tree trunks towards a marsh at the edge of a boating lake.

Suddenly she hesitates -- her pursuer seems to have stopped . . . or has he circled around ahead of her? Silence for a moment. Then a horrible, wheezing BREATH that seems to be inches from her face. She tears into a tangle of briars -- into the marsh. She knows she's running for her life, but she can see nothing. A sudden wind rises, HOWLING through the trees above. One second she HEARS her pursuer yards behind her -- the next, he seems to be right on top of her. Shadows seem to reach out for her . . .

Then the thickets are suddenly illuminated as clouds are blown across the sky -- REVEALING the moon. There is an ungodly CRY, in the spine-chilling gelatinous tones we heard the mummy utter before -- and then the wind dies away and there is absolute silence. Connie whirls around and around, not knowing which way to run. The silence is somehow more horrible than the sounds of her pursuer.

She freezes -- waiting for the worst . . . and a shape bursts from the darkness, grabs her, folds her in its arms!

Connie SCREAMS -- then collapses in tears as she recognizes O'Connell, holding her tight.

CONNIE

He was after me! He was after
me!

HILTON (OS)

Connie!

As Hilton races out of the shadows, O'Connell releases her, steps aside -- Hilton falls to his knees in front of her, grasps her around the waist and begins shivering uncontrollably . . . and Connie finds herself reaching down to comfort him.

CUT TO:

78 EXT THE INSTITUTE -- DAWN

78

First light. The horrible remains of two bodies, under sheets on stretchers, are transferred into an ambulance.

CONTINUOUS:

79 INT INSTITUTE OFFICE -- DAWN

79

The old colonel, exhausted, bewildered, sits on a sofa beside Connie, in her ripped, muddy evening gown, and Hilton, who is still shivering, wild-eyed. O'Connell stands behind them.

A weary DETECTIVE sits in a straight-backed chair opposite them, drinking black coffee.

HILTON
(practically screaming)
Find Bey, I tell you! He's the
key to all of this!

DETECTIVE
He skipped out in the confusion,
Mr. Hilton -- along with half the
people here. I can't say as I
blame 'em.

HILTON
You've got to find him!

DETECTIVE
We searched his hotel room --
didn't find anything. Not even a
suitcase.

HILTON
Then you've bungled everything!

The detective turns wearily to O'Connell.

DETECTIVE
Mr. O'Connell, did you witness
the -- murder of young Westerly?

O'Connell hesitates a moment.

O'CONNELL
Yes.

DETECTIVE
And he was attacked -- by a
mummy.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

O'CONNELL
Of course not.

Connie and Hilton look at him in surprise.

O'CONNELL (CONT)
The man was dressed in rags --
very powerful, very determined.
Obviously a maniac.

The detective SIGHS with relief.

DETECTIVE
There's no other explanation.
The shock . . .

He indicates the three very shocked people on the sofa.

O'CONNELL
It's a common reaction to that
sort of brutality.

Hilton leaps to his feet.

HILTON
I'm not in shock! The mummy is
alive!

The detective looks at O'Connell, who shrugs sympathetically.

DETECTIVE
Mr. O'Connell, if you'll see Miss
Barnes and Mr. Hilton back to
Gramercy Park . . .

O'CONNELL
Certainly.

DETECTIVE
I'll wait with --

O'Connell reaches for Connie's hand to help her to her feet,
but Hilton shoves him aside.

HILTON
For God's sake, we can find our
own way home!

CUT TO:

80 INT THE LIVING ROOM, HILTON TOWNHOUSE -- DAY

80

Caleb Hilton is standing with his son as servants wheel steamer trunks through the hall behind them, towards the front entrance.

CALEB

I'm dismissing the servants. You can stay if you want, but I think you'd be a damn fool. That maniac may be after you.

HILTON

I need to be here just now. I'll send Connie on as soon as I can persuade her to leave.

Caleb HARRUMPHS at that and heads out to the hall.

CUT TO:

81 INT THE HILTON LIBRARY -- NIGHT

81

Hendry sits by the fire alone, as though he's staring into it. God knows what he's seeing. O'Connell comes in and sits in an armchair beside him. They don't speak, but Hendry seems to know who's there.

HENDRY

Guardians of the Tomb. That's what they were called in the time of the Mamelukes. They guard it still.

O'CONNELL

What are you talking about?

HENDRY

The Abiya. They tried to warn us. Now Ardeh Bey is an instrument of Kharis's vengeance.

A long pause, then:

O'CONNELL

Tell me what happened that night in the valley.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

HENDRY

Kharis, the man buried in that horrible tomb -- the mummy we found . . . came alive. I saw him standing, quite motionless, beside the coffin he'd lain in so long. His eyes were black and shrivelled, but I could tell he saw me, saw my eyes -- wanted them.

(shouting)

Wanted my eyes, O'Connell!

Even after all he's seen, O'Connell is startled by the horror of it.

O'CONNELL

How can this be happening, Hendry?

HENDRY

I don't know that, either.

O'CONNELL

Help me find out.

Hendry "stares" into the fire again, for a long time. When he speaks his voice is small and wavering -- a million miles away.

HENDRY

Have you seen him?

O'CONNELL

Yes. I saw him kill a man -- by tearing his arm from its shoulder socket. Like a boy pulling the wing off a fly.

Hendry tries to absorb this -- but of course he can't.

HENDRY

Bring me the tracings I made -- over there, on the table.

O'Connell gets up and fetches them.

HENDRY

Look at sheet 47 -- Kharis alone. It was on the west wall.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

O'Connell finds the colored tracing -- the figure of a man surrounded by strange gods and hieroglyphic inscriptions.

HENDRY (CONT)

His protectors, and his titles.
 "The dead come to him for peace"
 is one of them. We'll seek the
 living among the dead.

CUT TO:

82 EXT THE INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

82

O'Connell leads Hendry along Fifth Avenue. They pause at the Institute.

O'CONNELL

Here we are, Professor.

HENDRY

Good. Let's walk. Let's find
 the nearest church. The nearest
 church with a burying ground.

CUT TO:

83 EXT TRINITY CHURCH -- NIGHT

83

An old Victorian Gothic Revival building, with a graveyard beside and behind it. Hendry stands at the iron railing of a gate, in rapt attention.

O'CONNELL

Would you mind telling me what
 we're looking for?

Hendry suddenly grabs O'Connell's arm.

HENDRY

That! Listen!

O'Connell listens -- hears nothing unusual.

HENDRY (CONT)

The dead! Moving under the
 earth! Can you hear it?

O'CONNELL

It's the wind, Hendry. Leaves
 rustling.

But Hendry is trembling with fear.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

HENDRY
 Let's go inside the sanctuary.
 He may be near us!

CONTINUOUS:

84 INT CONNIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

84

Connie, tossing in her bed, not sleeping, goes to her window -- looks out.

CONTINUOUS:

85 EXT GRAMERCY PARK -- NIGHT

85

CONNIE'S POV

A figure, of great stature, stands absolutely still in the center of the park, facing Connie.

CONTINUOUS:

86 INT CONNIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

86

Connie goes to her drawer and takes out her Webley, loads it.

CONTINUOUS:

87 INT TRINITY CHURCH -- NIGHT

87

Hendry and O'Connell sit in a rear pew in the beautiful little church.

HENDRY
 This is the first time I've felt
 safe -- since Egypt.

O'CONNELL
 Who is Kharis?

HENDRY
 An ancient thing, following some
 ancient purpose. He means to
 kill you and Miss Barnes.

O'CONNELL
 Why?

HENDRY
 Because you are not who you are.
 Your souls, too, are ancient --
 the shadows of a man and a woman
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

HENDRY (cont'd)
 who lived in Kharis's time.
 Three thousand years ago.

O'CONNELL
 I'm sorry, Professor --

Hendry takes O'Connell's left hand and opens it.

HENDRY
 A small red mark, on the left
 palm.

And now we SEE it -- a mark exactly like Connie's.

HENDRY (CONT)
 Isis has set her seal on you
 both, and brought you to that God
 forsaken tomb. Brought you to
 Kharis -- for a reckoning.

O'CONNELL
 I don't understand you.

HENDRY
 The wall paintings identify a
 scroll -- "The Scroll of Kharis" --
 in the panel from the north
 wall. The seven jackals are
 feeding on it. Eating the
 scroll.

O'CONNELL
 Yes?

HENDRY
 I can't explain it. It's a
 mysterious image. But that
 scroll must tell the story --
 what Kharis was, what Ionos and
 Ank-es-en-amun were to him . . .
 and so what you and Miss Barnes
 are to that thing now.

O'CONNELL
 I don't see how that helps us
 much.

HENDRY
 I've telegraphed to Dr. Briley,
 at the British Museum, asking if
 the scroll is mentioned in any
 ancient source. He will know.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

This seems small comfort to O'Connell.

CONTINUOUS:

88 INT CONNIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

88

Connie, clutching the revolver, goes to her window and looks out again.

CONTINUOUS:

89 EXT GRAMERCY PARK -- NIGHT

89

The figure is now in the street in front of the house -- still standing absolutely still, like a misplaced statue.

CONTINUOUS:

90 INT CONNIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

90

Connie runs from the room.

CUT TO:

91 EXT THE HILTON TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

91

Connie races out in her nightgown, waving her pistol -- firing it blindly -- at shadows in the street, the park. And then there is a terrified shout from inside the house:

HILTON (OS)

Connie!

Hilton runs out, SCANS the street, the park, as does Connie. There's nothing there. Hilton grabs Connie and stares into her eyes.

HILTON (CONT)

Sweetheart, have you been drinking?

CONNIE

No, but I'm gonna start.

She pulls away, starts stalking down the street -- Hilton runs after her, grabs her again.

HILTON

Sweetheart, Mr. O'Connell thought it would be a good idea --

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

CONNIE

Mr. O'Connell is a sucker.
 You're all suckers. That thing
 is going to kill us one by one --
 and there's nothing we can do
 about it!

She collapses, weeping, into his arms.

CUT TO:

92 INT THE LIBRARY -- DAY

92

Hendry sits deep in thought in an armchair. Suddenly
 addresses O'Connell:

HENDRY

Tell me again what Bey said to
 the thing.

O'CONNELL

Something like, "Stop, Kharis --
 the eye of Isis."

HENDRY

That is of the utmost
 significance.

Hilton walks in with an envelope.

HILTON

I think this is the wireless
 message you've been waiting for.

HENDRY

Open it. Read it to me.

Hilton opens it, scans it.

HILTON

From Dr. Briley, of the British
 Museum. "My dear Hendry . . .
 the 'Scroll' -- and indeed the
 name Kharis itself -- is unknown
 to me, to the members of my
 staff, and to our colleagues in
 Cairo. What mysterious line of
 inquiry are you pursuing? With
 best wishes . . ."

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

HENDRY

Very well, then. We shall have to puzzle it out for ourselves. And first -- "The Eye of Isis."

HILTON

The moon, by convention.

HENDRY

Or a sign with power against Kharis. Perhaps something as simple as the name and icon of Isis.

Hendry suddenly sits erect.

HENDRY (CONT)

Hilton -- the clay seal you bought from Carnarvon . . . it has the name of Isis on it . . .

HILTON

And her figure -- and a crescent moon.

HENDRY

Yes, yes -- very common. Not worth half what you paid for it.

HILTON

I took a fancy to it.

HENDRY

Bring it to me now, Hilton. I will need to borrow it for a few days.

CUT TO:

93 INT O'CONNELL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

93

O'Connell is meticulously cleaning his service Colt. Connie walks in without knocking, stands watching him. O'Connell barely glances up at her.

CONNIE

Have you killed a lot of people?

O'CONNELL

Yes.

Connie steps around in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

CONNIE
What does it feel like?

O'CONNELL
It doesn't feel like anything.

CONNIE
You mean it feels like nothing.
The Big Nothing.

O'Connell ignores her.

CONNIE (CONT)
I am one of the damned,
O'Connell. Nothing I do means
anything -- to me or anyone else.

He looks up at that, searches her face.

O'CONNELL
Except for that night on the
boat.

Connie looks suddenly panicked, angry, insulted.

CONNIE
It didn't mean anything to me.

O'CONNELL
It did to me.

CONNIE
What?

O'CONNELL
I don't know. I'd like to find
out before I die.
(beat)
Just curious, I guess.

He gets up and walks past her, towards the door.

CONNIE
You can't save us. I don't even
know why you think you're
supposed to.

He leaves without looking back.

CUT TO:

94 EXT HILTON TOWNHOUSE -- TWILIGHT

94

Hendry and O'Connell get into a waiting taxi and speed away from the park.

CONTINUOUS:

95 INT THE HILTON LIVING ROOM -- TWILIGHT

95

Hilton and Connie watch them go from a window overlooking the street.

CONNIE

Why are they using a taxicab?

HILTON

Because they don't want us to know where they're going. But I do. I called the dispatcher.

CONNIE

Where are they going?

HILTON

To church. I wonder why.
(beat)
And so do you.

CONNIE

They're on to something.

HILTON

Oh, yes. The game's afoot. And they want us out of it.

Hilton and Connie stare at each other -- Hilton with the expression of a crossed child, Connie with a look of pure fear.

CONTINUOUS:

96 INT THE TAXI -- TWILIGHT

96

Hendry is tensely explaining something to O'Connell as they speed uptown.

HENDRY

From the wall paintings and from Bey's warning, I am assuming that Isis -- the goddess of the moon, of sexual love -- has set her

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

HENDRY (cont'd)
 hand against Kharis. It may be
 that she has some power over him.

O'CONNELL
 Or this is what Bey thinks.

HENDRY
 Yes. In any case, her image may
 be useful to us.

Hendry takes a small clay seal out of his pocket -- the seal he discussed with Hilton, with a conventional image of Isis, her name enclosed in a cartouche, and a crescent moon.

HENDRY (CONT)
 Kharis may be a fragmented soul,
 with unusual powers, but his body
 itself is dust and clay, like any
 other body. If we can disable
 him, it may be possible to
 destroy that body, burn it, cut
 it into small pieces.

O'CONNELL
 Sounds like a good idea to me.

HENDRY
 Your sidearm won't be much help,
 but the name and image of Isis
 may give him pause.

O'CONNELL
 If it doesn't --

HENDRY
 We will die, horribly -- like the
 rest of them.

The taxi has pulled to a stop outside the Trinity burial ground, and O'Connell helps Hendry out of the car.

CUT TO:

97 EXT TRINITY CHURCH BURIAL GROUND -- TWILIGHT

97

The two walk through the gravestones as the church bells ring out the Angelus, and worshippers file into the sanctuary. Hendry is making his way towards a 19th-century crypt -- the largest monument in the graveyard.

HENDRY
 My guess is that Bey has lost
 track of him, or lost control of
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

HENDRY (cont'd)
 him. In any case it would be too dangerous for Kharis to return to the Applegate Institute.

They come up to the massive iron door of the crypt and O'Connell examines it.

O'CONNELL
 It's been opened -- quite recently.

HENDRY
 Good. Let's go in.

O'Connell, with some difficulty, pushes the heavy door open.

CONTINUOUS:

98 INT THE CRYPT -- TWILIGHT

98

Too dim to see anything at first -- and then a horror confronts them. There are two stone sarcophagi in the crypt. The top of one of them has been set ajar -- and there is an unsettling SCRATCHING sound from inside the other stone box.

Somehow more horrible is a pile of animal heads in the center of the crypt -- rodents of various sorts, rats, moles -- and the head of a small dog.

O'CONNELL
 Jesus Christ.

HENDRY
 Rely on His mercy, O'Connell.
 What do you see?

O'CONNELL
 One tomb opened and desecrated.
 The heads of small animals . . .

HENDRY
 And the dead moving . . . We
 have tracked him to his lair.

O'Connell now notices a rear door to the crypt -- actually a vent panel which has been pried out of its frame and put back again. And leading to it are tracks in the dust, as though made by heavy feet dragging themselves through it. O'Connell takes the vent panel out of its frame, then takes Hendry's hand.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

O'CONNELL
 Come with me, Professor.
 Something has gone through here.

They pass out of the crypt again.

CONTINUOUS:

99 EXT THE BURIAL GROUND -- TWILIGHT

99

The bells have stopped ringing -- but we HEAR the sound of the congregation SINGING inside the church.

O'Connell follows the trail to a side entrance of the church, which stands open. He and Hendry go inside.

ANGLE -- THE STREET

Where Hilton's Packard pulls up. Hilton and Connie step out, look around.

CONNIE
 Maybe they're inside praying.

HILTON
 It's not a bad idea. You stay close to me.

They enter the church through the front entrance.

CONTINUOUS:

100 INT SACRISTY -- TWILIGHT

100

O'Connell looks around the small room where the vestments are kept -- and his eye falls upon a small statue of St. John the Evangelist, holding a scroll. He turns to Hendry suddenly and grabs his arm.

O'CONNELL
 Hendry! The jackals --

But his thought is interrupted by the sound of low GASPS and MURMURS coming from the interior of the church. He darts through an arched doorway into the sanctuary, and Hendry gropes his way after him.

CONTINUOUS:

101 INT THE SANCTUARY -- TWILIGHT

101

The half-full church is gripped by a nameless terror, as strange SOUNDS come from inside the walls and from under the paving stones, where bodies of distinguished parishioners are buried.

Members of the congregation, disoriented, terrified, are moving towards the entrances, or towards the apse, and the shelter of the altar cross. Hilton and Connie are moving forward to see what the commotion is. They and O'Connell SEE at the same time a paving stone over a grave in front of the altar rail shift out of place, as though pushed up from below.

Now panic hits the congregation and people shove each other aside in their rush to get out of this place.

ANGLE -- A WOMAN

Heading into the shadows of a side aisle, looking for the doorway to the sacristy. A wrapped arm reaches from the darkness of an alcove, plunges its black and ancient fingernails into the top of her scalp and rips the skin entirely off her face. The exposed muscle and blood and bone form a mask of horror, frozen in a silent scream, before the poor creature faints into oblivion.

And now O'Connell SEES Kharis step from the shadows and move relentlessly towards . . . Connie . . . who sees him coming, too, and plunges into the crowd edging towards the pulpit and the baptismal font and the altar.

O'Connell is able to lay hands on the mummy but Kharis swats him aside like a gnat, literally tearing his way through the crowd -- severing hands and fingers and limbs and heads -- and is almost upon Connie . . . when he stops dead in his tracks, takes a slight backward step as though stunned, and lets out a hideous gelatinous, glutinous CRY of despair and fear -- turns and leaps up onto the baptismal font . . . and CRASHES through a low stained-glass window into the night.

O'Connell is on his feet again in an instant, races up to Connie, as Hilton runs to Hendry, shaking like a leaf in his bewilderment and fear, and puts his arms around him.

HILTON
It's all right, old man.

O'Connell shakes Connie by the shoulders, but she keeps looking at something near her.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

O'CONNELL
 What happened? What stopped him?

CONNIE
 That.

She points behind the baptismal font and now O'Connell SEES, in a white ceremonial cradle, on a pedestal draped with white lace . . . a newborn infant, awaiting its christening.

CUT TO:

102 INT THE HILTON LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

102

O'Connell runs through the archway from the entrance hall, with Connie right behind him, and Hilton hurrying Hendry behind her.

HILTON
 What is it, for God's sake?
 Where are you going?

They watch in shock as O'Connell rushes up to one of the jackal statues, lifts it above his head --

HILTON (CONT)
 Put that down!

O'Connell smashes it onto the stone apron of the hearth. He reaches into it and lifts out a curled cylinder of papyrus, raises it up.

O'CONNELL
 The Scroll of Kharis!

Hilton immediately takes it from him, examines it.

HILTON
 Inside the clay figure of a jackal, Professor. Part of it's missing.

But Connie has already lifted a second statue, and smashes it. Inside, another fragment of the scroll. Hendry gropes his way to the third statue and smashes it, and Connie helps him retrieve the papyrus from inside it.

And finally Hilton, not to be left out, smashes the fourth statue, retrieves the fourth fragment.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

HENDRY
Fit them together at once and
read them, Hilton. It will be
our deliverance. I can feel it!

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

103 INT THE LIBRARY -- NIGHT

103

Hilton stands over the reassembled scroll, unrolled on a table. Hendry, Connie and O'Connell sit in chairs by the fire.

HILTON
Hendry and I have made a detailed translation. The language is very indirect, archaic, deliberately obscure. But we think this is the story it has to tell.

Hilton takes a deep breath and scans the scroll one more time, for an agonizing moment. Then he looks up and begins:

HILTON (CONT)
Kharis was a priest of Set, the god of drunkenness, of chaos, of violent energy.

CUT TO:

104 INT A TEMPLE OF SET -- NIGHT

104

Images of the god in stone, on wall paintings . . . in a temple by the Nile, lit by torches and moonlight . . . in the time of Kharis.

HILTON (CONT; VO)
Kharis was also the deputy of a secret cult of Set, which practiced forbidden magic in the name of the god.

CUT TO:

105 INT SANCTUM SANCTORUM -- NIGHT

105

A secret chamber in the temple, where dark shapes, whose faces we cannot see, hold a knife to the throat of a wailing infant.

CUT TO:

106 EXT AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOWN -- DAY

106

A procession through a street. An image of Isis carried by Nubian slaves. Naked girls, devotees of the goddess, in a sacred dance strew the petals of flowers before it. PUSHING in on one of these dancers -- a young girl of astonishing beauty and grace. We know it is the woman from O'Connell's dream.

HILTON (VO)
Kharis loved a woman . . .

CUT TO:

107 INT THE LIBRARY -- NIGHT

107

Here Hilton casts an involuntary, troubled glance at Connie, then looks back at the scroll.

HILTON
. . . by the name of Ank-es-en-amun, who was a devotee of Isis, the moon goddess. She loved someone else. That's usually how it goes in these things, isn't it?

His nervous LAUGH is not echoed by anyone else in the room. Hilton smiles a bewildered smile and continues:

HILTON (CONT)
His name was Ionos -- the name from the tablet Hendry found in Amarna. Not a scribe, after all -- a poet, born in Greece, exiled . . . for reasons that aren't exactly clear.

Connie suddenly turns away, stares into the fire.

CUT TO:

108 EXT EGYPT -- DAY

108

Again, an image from a thousand years before the birth of Christ. A fierce sun burns its reflection into the brown water of the Nile. An Egyptian boatman poles a reed skiff though bulrushes at the edge of the river. In the bow is the figure from Connie's dream -- a fair-haired man, resembling O'Connell, but not O'Connell, hunting river birds with an archaic bow and arrow of Greek design.

HILTON (CONT; VO)

He was Kharis's friend. And Kharis seduced him into the cult of Set. And offered him Set's bargain.

A pause, then the hunter in the boat looses an arrow at an Ibis just taking wing -- and strikes it out of the sky.

CUT TO:

109 INT THE LIBRARY -- NIGHT

109

Connie looks up from the fire. Hilton has temporarily lost heart for the tale. Hendry stirs himself and explains:

HENDRY

Set could offer a man the dearest of all prizes -- eternal life, in this body, in this world. But the price was high. A man would have to kill, with his own hands, the thing he loved best in all the world.

CUT TO:

110 EXT THE PORTICO OF A TEMPLE -- NIGHT

110

In moonlight, Ank-es-en-amun runs barefoot over the cold stones, in and out of shadows -- into the arms of Ionos . . . and from the shadows someone watches them, a figure of heroic size. And when we SEE his face -- the face of Kharis

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

in his youth -- we are shocked by its strength and beauty, and by the heartbreakin pain in Kharis's eyes.

CUT TO:

111 INT THE LIBRARY -- NIGHT

111

O'Connell is looking nauseated, not wanting to hear more -- and wanting to hear everything.

HENDRY (CONT)

Ionos was drunk with the evil of it. The power of it. And one night he took the sacred obsidian dagger of Set, and went in to the chamber of Ank-es-en-amun, to the bed they had shared so many times

. . .

O'Connell suddenly leaps to his feet.

O'CONNELL

Stop this! Stop it!

And races from the room. Connie has a stricken look on her face, and stirs as though to run after O'Connell.

HENDRY

Stay, Connie. Hear this. Hear all of this.

HILTON

Ionos drove the dagger into her heart, which spurted like a fountain with its last beats, and covered him with her blood.

Connie closes her eyes against the image of it.

CUT TO:

112 INT A ROOM MADE OF STONE -- NIGHT

112

The room she and O'Connell have both visited in dreams, where ghastly shadows from an oil lamp fall across the almost unthinkable crime of Ionos.

HILTON (CONT; VO)

He instantly knew he had made the worst mistake a man can make.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

HILTON (cont'd)

Now he could draw out forever a
life he no longer wanted.

CUT TO:

113 INT THE LIBRARY -- NIGHT

113

From the silence that has fallen over them:

HENDRY

That was the reality of Set's
bargain -- to live forever in the
consciousness of evil . . . in
the very heart of it.

HILTON

And still it was only the
beginning of Kharis's revenge
against the lovers -- because he
knew, as Ionos did not, that Ank-
es-en-amun was pregnant with
Ionos's child. When Kharis told
him, Ionos felt the burden of
three deaths -- Ank-es-en-amun's,
that of the daughter she was
carrying, and of his own heart.

HENDRY

And he determined to die -- by
his own hand. But the bargain
was not so easily dissolved.

HILTON

Because Ionos could not really
die now --

CUT TO:

114 INT A TEMPLE OF ISIS -- NIGHT

114

ANGLE -- A FLAME

Burning on a ceremonial tripod.

HILTON (CONT; VO)

-- his life force would be
reincarnated eternally in this
world, to suffer the consequences
of his murders.

PUSHING THROUGH THE FLAME -- TOWARDS A STATUE OF ISIS.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

HENDRY (VO)

But that also gave him the chance
to redeem himself, and Isis, who
loved Ank-es-en-amun, knew this.

COMING TO REST ON THE EYE OF THE STATUE

REVERSE ANGLE -- A BIER

On which the body of Ank-es-en-amun lies readied for the
mortuary priests. A small bird rests of the edge of the bier --
a bird with the young woman's face!

It takes wing suddenly and we FOLLOW as it flies upwards,
seeking a high window in the temple, a stone opening that
frames a full moon.

HENDRY (CONT; VO)

The goddess released Ank-es-en-
amun's spirit also, to be
reincarnated eternally, in the
hope that the lovers' souls would
someday be reunited and
reconciled -- and this the
priests of Set could not allow.

CUT TO:

115 INT SANCTUM SANCTORUM, A TEMPLE OF SET -- NIGHT

115

Torches light a gathering of the forbidden cult of Set, in a
secret room of Set's temple. Priests seem to stand in
judgement of Kharis, whom we SEE in full light for the first
time -- youthful and powerful, eyes burning with rage and
despair.

HILTON (VO)

Kharis had broken the vows of the
cult by offering Set's bargain to
Ionos, a novice. And so he was
chosen to die a horrible death --

DISSOLVE TO:

116 INT A MORTUARY TEMPLE -- NIGHT

116

Priests of Set wind the linen wrappings around the living form of Kharis. Before his mouth is covered he SHOUTS a terrifying CURSE . . . but when the last bandages cover his eyes, we SEE only horror and fear.

HILTON (CONT; VO)
 -- buried alive, without the benefit of holy rituals -- at the entrance to Ank-es-en-amun's tomb, to stand forever between Ionos and Ank-es-en-amun.

CUT TO:

117 INT THE LIBRARY -- NIGHT

117

Hendry speaks now, his voice gone low and trembling.

HENDRY
 Ionos went to the tomb where both were buried -- the tomb we unearthed -- and entered it and sealed himself in it, and died where we found him, at the entrance to the inner chamber. And so things stood for three thousand years.

CUT TO:

118 INT THE TOMB -- NIGHT

118

Ionos's body lies before the door to the inner chamber, exactly as O'Connell first saw it.

CONNIE (VO)
 Until we came there.

CUT TO:

119 INT THE LIBRARY -- NIGHT

119

Hendry leans forward.

HENDRY
 Until Isis brought you there. I believe in my heart that you and O'Connell carry the souls of Ank-es-en-amun and Ionos -- that Isis set her seal upon you and drew
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

HENDRY (cont'd)
 you to that tomb, so that the
 spirit of Kharis might walk
 abroad again, and the matter be
 settled.

HILTON
 Kharis will destroy you . .

HENDRY
 Unless you destroy him first.

CONNIE
 But how can we do that?

HENDRY
 There is a way -- the text states
 that clearly -- but there is
 still a part of the scroll
 missing. It is torn away at the
 end of --

Suddenly:

CONNIE
 The Valley of the Seven Jackals.

HILTON
 What do you mean?

CONNIE
 Seven jackals. There must be
 seven -- and we only have four.

HENDRY
 That is possible.

CONNIE
 They must still be there -- along
 with the tomb of Ank-es-en-amun,
 which you never found.

HENDRY
 The scroll would seem to indicate
 this -- yes.

CONNIE
 We have to go back there.

HENDRY
 I doubt if there is time for
 that. But we have leaned one
 other thing from the fragment of
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

HENDRY (cont'd)

the scroll we possess. Kharis
fears the Eye of Isis and the Eye
of Ra -- not their images or
their names, as I first thought --
but the moonlight, and sunlight,
itself. He cannot move in them.
His power is lost.

Connie suddenly jumps to her feet.

CONNIE

Oh, my God -- O'Connell!

And now she starts to race from the room herself -- Hilton
moves to intercept her but she shoves him aside and leaves.

HENDRY

It's all right, Hilton. She's
safe for now. The Eye of Isis .

CONTINUOUS:

120 EXT GRAMERCY PARK -- NIGHT

120

A full moon casts its light over the gracious old square.
Connie comes out of the house and SEES a dark figure heading
towards Park Avenue -- runs after it.

CUT TO:

121 EXT PARK AVENUE -- NIGHT

121

O'Connell looks for a cab on the quiet street -- finds one.
As he gets in, Connie jumps into the seat beside him.

CONTINUOUS:

122 INT TAXICAB -- NIGHT

122

Connie addresses the DRIVER:

CONNIE

We're from the legion of the
damned. Take us someplace we'll
feel at home.

DRIVER

Lady, you got the whole city to
choose from . . .

CUT TO:

123 INT ENTRANCE HALL, HILTON TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

123

A furious POUNDING on the door. Hilton hurries into the hall to open it -- and SEES Ardeth Bey standing outside, his eyes wild, at the point of madness.

ARDETH BEY
(whispering)
Is the girl here?

HILTON
No.

ARDETH BEY
Give him the girl -- that's all he wants. I can show you things in Egypt -- hidden things. But Kharis --

HILTON
Listen, my good fellow --

ARDETH BEY
He's eating the dead. Growing stronger. He'll kill everyone -- I can't stop him.

HILTON
But where --

Ardeth Bey suddenly looks around, panicking.

ARDETH BEY
Save yourselves!

And he runs off into the night.

CUT TO:

124 EXT BROOKLYN FERRY -- NIGHT

124

Below the Great Bridge, a small ferry makes a late run. Connie and O'Connell stand at the rail. Connie is singing, in a small, quiet voice, an old lullaby:

CONNIE
Baby's boat, the silver moon,
sailing o'er the sky . . .
Fishing for a star or two,
As the clouds go by.

ANGLE -- THE MOON

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

An image that seems distorted at first, until we recognize it as a reflection in the moving water.

CONNIE (CONT)
(singing)
Sail, baby, sail, out across the
sea . . .
Only don't forget to sail,
Baby, home to me.

ANGLE -- CONNIE & O'CONNELL

At the rail. Connie looks at O'Connell.

CONNIE (CONT)
This might be the last warm
night.
(pause)
The last warm night of the last
summer.

O'Connell looks at her now.

CONNIE (CONT)
I've dreamed about those people
they were talking about -- all my
life. The places where it
happened -- only I didn't know it
was Egypt.
(pause)
You have, too.

O'CONNELL
I've felt the guilt of murder on
me. No amount of killing, or
drinking or fucking other women
has ever taken it away, even for
a second. I have innocent blood
on my hands -- even if it doesn't
make sense, it's there. And now
they say even death won't wash it
off.

(pause)
And maybe I've known that, too .
.

Connie turns and looks at the river.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (2)

124

CONNIE

Look -- clouds over the moon. We
should go back.

O'CONNELL

You go.

CONNIE

The boat . . . meant something to
me, too. I was alive.

(pause)

If we have to die, I'm glad I was
alive once.

O'CONNELL

I want you to go away -- take a
ship tomorrow. Go anywhere.

CONNIE

It won't make any difference.

O'CONNELL

I want you to go away until I can
-- do whatever has to be done.

She looks at him hopelessly, as though he were a child.

CONNIE

All right. If it'll make you
feel better. But he'll find me.

(beat)

I'd rather die with you.

O'CONNELL

I'm already dead.

CUT TO:

125 EXT CENTRAL PARK -- NIGHT

125

Ardeth Bey, lying helplessly on the ground, smiles insanely as he watches Kharis leaning over him, pulling Bey's still warm intestines slowly out of a ragged wound in his abdomen and slowly, slowly, eating them, with an almost delicate relish. Then, mercifully, Ardet Bey dies.

CUT TO:

126 EXT GRAND CENTRAL STATION -- DAY

126

Hilton is putting Connie on the Southern Crescent.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

HILTON
 Father will meet you at Winter
 Park and take you on to Palm
 Beach.

CONNIE
 It's not far enough.

HILTON
 You'll be all right.

CONNIE
 No place is far enough.

There is an awkward pause.

HILTON
 I love you as much as he does,
 you know.

CONNIE
 He doesn't love me.

HILTON
 What do you think he's hanging
 around for? He thinks I can't
 take care of you. He thinks I
 don't have what it takes.

CONNIE
 You've got what it takes, Bunny.
 You were on the boxing team at
 Princeton.

HILTON
 Did you tell him that?

CONNIE
 No.

HILTON
 Smart thinking. Element of
 surprise -- see? If I ever have
 to give him a good thrashing.

They LAUGH. Another silence, then:

CONNIE
 Love you, Bunny.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

HILTON
 Love you, too, kid. Just feel
 like it's all my fault.

CONNIE
 Nah. Blame it on the moon.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek and gets on the train.

CUT TO:

127 INT THE HILTON DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

127

A tense conversation over smokes after dinner.

O'CONNELL
 The police think Bey was killed
 by a pack of wild dogs.

HILTON
 Wild dogs! In Central Park?

O'CONNELL
 They have to think something.

HENDRY
 There's a new moon in exactly
 twenty-one days.

HILTON
 Can't we just go after him on a
 sunny day?

O'CONNELL
 Hendry thinks the dark of the
 moon is our best bet. I'm going
 to keep watch on the churchyard,
 but I'm almost certain Kharis has
 gone back to the Applegate
 mansion. Now that he's gotten
 Bey out of the way.

HENDRY
 Applegate closed it down last
 week, the police are no longer
 watching it. With luck we'll
 find Kharis incapacitated there.

HILTON
 I'm willing to go after him by
 myself, you know. I'm the one
 who got us into all this.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

O'Connell smiles ruefully.

O'CONNELL

There's not much chance of any of us getting out of it alive. So we might as well up the odds. But I appreciate the offer.

HILTON

It's a standing offer, O'Connell.

(beat)

I mean it.

O'CONNELL

I know you do.

And for the first time they look at each other as equals -- two men who are ready to die together.

CUT TO:

128 EXT AN EAST RIVER DOCK -- DAWN

128

The detective who questioned him earlier stands with O'Connell next to a blanket thrown over four objects on the tarred timbers. A deputy stands watch out of earshot. The detective is rattled, on the verge of hysteria, but holding himself in check by force of will.

DETECTIVE

Mr. O'Connell, you're a travelled man. You have some experience of the world. I want you to look at this.

He pulls back the blanket to REVEAL two human heads, staring out hideously at nothing. The heads of the Twinfeather brothers, cannon ball jugglers, late of Ringling's. He starts to cover them again but O'Connell stops him, bends down, examines the grisly remains. Stands up again.

O'CONNELL

All right.

The detective hurries to cover them again.

DETECTIVE

You see how it is. Like they were ripped off. I don't hardly see how a human being could do it.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

O'CONNELL
They worked for Applegate?

DETECTIVE
Security and window dressing at
the institute. Tough guys --
built like tanks.

O'CONNELL
No sign of the bodies?

DETECTIVE
None.

O'Connell stares at the blanket, then out at the gray river.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
It's the work of the same man,
isn't it?

O'CONNELL
The same.

DETECTIVE
Only it's not a man is it? It's
some sort of demon.

O'CONNELL
No. It's very real. A man who's
nursed a long grievance. A man
who lives in the heart of evil.

DETECTIVE
That's it. We've been visited by
evil. In God's name, Mr.
O'Connell -- why?

O'CONNELL
I don't think that visitor has to
give a reason.

CUT TO:

129 INT ENTRANCE HALL, HILTON TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

129

Empty . . . a deep quiet suddenly split by blood-curdling
CRIES from the living room.

O'Connell races down the stairs, following the sound . . .

CONTINUOUS:

130 INT THE HILTON LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

130

O'Connell comes in, SEES Hilton standing near the fireplace, staring at something, SCREAMING at it . . .

ANGLE -- THE HEARTH

His two Belgian Shepherds lie in massive pools of blood, flanking the hearth as the jackals once did. The animals have no heads, just gaping, jagged wounds between the shoulders.

131 EXT THE APPLEGATE INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

131

A drizzling rain -- a cold night. Hendry and O'Connell, in trench coats and fedoras, approach the dark building warily on foot.

HENDRY

He's moving about at night when he can -- looking for what he needs . . . eating the dead, as Bey told Hilton -- but not for sustenance, I'm sure. For power. God knows what he might become in time, O'Connell.

O'Connell suddenly bars Hendry's way.

O'CONNELL

Hilton's dogs were also a warning.

HENDRY

Of course, but he could have had our heads if he wanted. He's looking for the woman. In any case, he's left his hiding place. This may be our only chance.

O'CONNELL

I hate to take you with me, old man, but I might find something in there I need your help understanding. Will you forgive me for it?

HENDRY

Let's hurry, O'Connell -- we may not have long to search.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

They move up to the great entrance door. It's unlocked. They push it open and go inside.

CONTINUOUS:

132 INT ENTRANCE HALL -- NIGHT

132

Pitch black. No sound at all. O'Connell takes an electric torch from his coat pocket, checks it, then puts it back -- letting his eyes readjust to the dark.

O'CONNELL

Where do we start?

HENDRY

Down first -- below stairs.
That's where he'd feel most at home.

O'CONNELL

This way.

He leads Hendry back through the dark house.

CONTINUOUS:

133 INT THE CELLAR -- NIGHT

133

O'Connell uses his torch on the uncertain wooden stairs leading down to the cellar -- shines it around to reveal piles of lumber, barrels, storage crates -- and enormous rats scurrying away from them.

HENDRY

Check the flooring for signs of objects recently moved.

O'Connell is already doing this -- and SEES grooves in the packed earth that lead to a large wooden crate shoved up against the wall. O'Connell starts pushing it aside.

O'CONNELL

Do you have Miss Barnes' revolver to hand?

HENDRY

In my coat pocket.

O'CONNELL

If we're separated for any reason, and you can no longer
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

O'CONNELL (cont'd)
 hear my voice, fire at anything
 you hear moving.

HENDRY
 Yes.

O'Connell has revealed a low opening cut into the stone foundation of the house.

O'CONNELL
 A recently cut passage. Bend your head down and follow me.

He places a hand on Hendry's head and they enter the low passage. They move along in absolute silence as the passage descends gradually deeper and deeper under the city.

CONTINUOUS:

134 INT UNDERGROUND CHAMBER -- NIGHT

134

They come out into a circular passage much larger than the one they entered. O'Connell shines his torch around it, utterly bewildered. Then he realizes where they are.

O'CONNELL
 It's an abandoned subway tunnel.

He switches off the torch for a moment and can SEE a dim light a few hundred yards to the right.

O'CONNELL (CONT)
 To the right now.

They begin navigating the old, broken train tracks and pools of water, as giant rats scurry away from them in the dark.

They come up to a small open door leading off the tunnel, where the light seems to originate, and walk into it.

CONTINUOUS:

135 INT CHAMBER -- NIGHT

135

A small room -- clearly an old maintenance depot. It is eerily familiar. There is an empty oblong crate on the dank floor, around which candles burn, illuminating three jackal statues exactly like the ones they took from the tomb in Egypt. And the walls of the chamber have been painted with crude and even more hideous versions of the wall paintings in the tomb. There is a heavy barred door of oak in the far wall that looks as though it hasn't been opened in aeons. Above it

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

is painted a wedjat eye and a scale, with a feather in one pan and a human heart in the other.

And a black obsidian dagger hangs from a hook in the wall, directly over the central figure of Kharis.

O'CONNELL

The jackals -- all three of them. The walls -- recently painted to resemble the wall paintings from the tomb. A crate on the floor -- the size of an oversized coffin. And a dagger, straight-bladed, of black stone with a gold hilt.

HENDRY

Nothing else?

O'CONNELL

A door, with the eye that was painted on the outer door of the tomb in Egypt, and a scale . . .

HENDRY

A feather balanced against a human heart.

O'CONNELL

Yes.

Hendry thinks for a moment trying to absorb all this. Then:

HENDRY

Take the dagger, O'Connell.

O'Connell reaches for it -- hesitates . . . and Hendry senses his hesitation.

HENDRY (CONT)

Take it now, man. It may have a magical significance for Kharis. It may save you.

O'Connell grasps it, and as soon as he does -- tears stream down his face.

O'CONNELL

I can't hold it.

HENDRY

Smash the figures!

(CONTINUED)

O'Connell turns and lets out his rage on them, smashing each and removing a fragment of scroll from each. They turn to go -- then HEAR something moving on the other side of the barred door. O'Connell hands the pieces of papyrus to Hendry.

O'CONNELL

If the thing is here, Hendry, I'm going to kill it.

HENDRY

No! We must leave this place now!

But O'Connell has already unbarred the old door and is swinging it open onto a further chamber from which no light at all emerges. O'Connell steps into the further chamber, following the odd RUSTLING SOUND that seems to come from deep in the darkness. And then suddenly Hendry hears nothing.

HENDRY

O'Connell?

No response. An eternity of silence -- and then a CRY -- and then silence again. And then something appears in the door -- moving erratically, slowly. Hendry cannot see it of course -- but what we SEE is sickening.

An animated human corpse in ancient Egyptian warrior's clothing -- bearing the animated head of a large dog. The eyes don't seem to see properly, the tongue hangs out purple and swollen, the head rolls on the shoulders as though it hasn't been securely set there -- and the whole form has a pathetic, spasmodic unco-ordination.

But we recognize the bronze skin and barrel chest of one of the Twinfother brothers, and the head of one of Hilton's dogs -- and in the horrid combination we can see a living image of Anubis, the jackal-headed god of the Egyptian underworld.

And the thing moves, in its way. It moves towards Hendry -- frozen with fear, knowing he is in the presence of something unholy. Hendry backs towards the opening he entered by, clutching the scroll fragments to his body -- but we see he's never going to make it . . .

. . . when without warning O'Connell bursts through the far door with a piece of lead pipe in his upraised hand -- looking terrifying himself -- bloodied and bruised from head to toe. He smashes the pipe down through the skull of the awful creature and screams:

135 CONTINUED: (3)

135

O'CONNELL
Run, Hendry!

And Hendry runs -- and the creature ignores O'Connell's repeated attacks with the pipe and hobbles after Hendry. And all three disappear into the dark passageway.

CUT TO:

136 INT A HALLWAY, THE INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

136

Hendry careens down the corridor, looking for a way out -- and seems to have eluded the creature.

But it jumps out in front of him then -- fangs lunging for his throat . . . until it is stopped again by O'Connell, right behind, plunging the lead pipe straight through its rotted chest cavity. O'Connell pummels it to the floor.

O'CONNELL
Run!

And as HENDRY disappears into the darkness O'Connell manages to sever the creature's canine head from its body and it instantly lies still. And O'Connell hurries after HENDRY.

CUT TO:

137 INT ANOTHER HALLWAY -- NIGHT

137

HENDRY pauses, disoriented -- and then, mercifully, HEARS the sound of the RAIN . . . and feels a breath of wind on his face. Turns and runs in the direction of the draft.

And finds the front entrance and stumbles down the steps to the drive . . .

CONTINUOUS:

138 EXT THE INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

138

. . . and runs through the shadows there as O'Connell, too, runs out of the building -- in time to see another animal-headed corpse race up to Hendry and fall upon him, ripping him apart with its bared fangs.

O'Connell draws his Colt and runs at the thing firing -- six shots, each one finding its mark, and between them dropping

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

the ghastly creature. But it's too late. Hendry is a barely recognizable mass of torn flesh and bone.

O'Connell pockets his revolver, reaches down and pries the papyrus fragments from Hendry's severed right hand, which still clutches them tightly. He stares at the yellowed papyrus, and then at his own left hand, which holds the obsidian dagger. In all of this night's violence, he hasn't used it once.

CUT TO:

139 INT THE HILTON LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

139

O'Connell is standing by the fire -- the smashed fragments of the first four jackals still scattered on the hearth in the blood where the dogs were found. The whole place looks uncared for, with plates and wine bottles scattered about on tables.

Hilton sits on a sofa with the scroll spread out on a coffee table in front of him. He's drinking brandy and looks drunk or deranged, or maybe a little of both.

HILTON

I'm not the linguist Hendry was -- just an amateur really. Some of this is very odd. The last lines, for example. "The blood of the mummy -- the balm of Ionos -- gateway to life." It may be a variant on some conventional phrase, but I don't recognize it. The thing is, you see -- that mummies don't have any blood.

O'CONNELL

But is there anything that offers us a way out of this?

Hilton LAUGHS, inappropriately considering the circumstances.

HILTON

Oh, yes. There's a way out. Simple. Easy. Quick. But I know Connie. She won't do it.

O'CONNELL

Do what?

Hilton just LAUGHS again.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

HILTON

I think we've unleashed a permanent horror, O'Connell. Or I have. Wish I'd just been content with the damned cat. I could have dined out on it indefinitely. Connie would have married me. She would have, you know -- if it hadn't been for Egypt.

O'CONNELL

What does Connie have to do?

HILTON

Oh, you'll laugh, too, when you hear it.

But he hesitates, fearful of speaking the words.

CUT TO:

140 INT GRACE CHURCH, LOWER FIFTH AVENUE -- DAY

140

A funeral -- the words of the old Anglican prayer book DRONING out. Very few people in attendance, Hilton and O'Connell among them.

A woman enters at the back and stands listening for a moment, and Hilton and O'Connell turn almost as one, as though they sensed her there, and SEE Connie standing dry-eyed behind them.

CUT TO:

141 INT THE LIBRARY -- NIGHT

141

Connie is drinking brandy now -- a different look on her face than we've ever seen before, hard, dark, bitter.

Hilton and O'Connell are uncomfortable in her presence, and in each other's.

HILTON

Hendry died recovering the rest of the scroll. We know how to put an end to Kharis. It's really a very elegant solution.

O'Connell gets up and heads out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

O'CONNELL

This is useless, Hilton. It's all useless.

He leaves. Connie looks back at Hilton.

CONNIE

Does it involve going to church on a regular basis?

HILTON

You have to kill O'Connell.

He stands up, takes the black obsidian dagger down from the mantel and holds it out to her.

HILTON (CONT)

Take the dagger of Set, the one Ionos used to kill Ank-es-en-amun, and jab it up to the hilt in his heart.

CONNIE

What?

He places the dagger in her hand.

HILTON

Take from Ionos the life he took from Ank-es-en-amun, and Isis will call you quits. She'll release his spirit.

(beat)

Kharis fails in his mission, and people stop dying.

(pause)

It makes sense, doesn't it?

CONNIE

No. Not now.

HILTON

He wants you to do it -- Ionos or O'Connell or whoever he is.

CONNIE

I'm pregnant. It's his child.

Hilton looks as though he's had the wind knocked out of him. A long silence.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (2)

141

HILTON

I guess I'd kill him myself if I thought it would save you. But you see, it only works if your hand holds the knife. The magic is in the symmetry.

Another painful moment, then:

HILTON (CONT)

Say, Connie?

She looks at him through tears she's been holding in a long time.

HILTON (CONT)

Do you think I'm the reincarnated soul of someone who was around then, too? Maybe I was the guy who held Ionos's horses when he sneaked into your room at night.

CONNIE

I'm sorry, Bunny.

Hilton is crying now, too.

They jump at the SOUND of a car starting out on the square.

HILTON

Oh, my God.

CUT TO:

142 INT THE INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

142

O'Connell is pouring gasoline from a large tin over the uncarpeted wooden floors of the old place. Finishes, stands there a moment, then calmly takes out a cheroot, lights it -- tosses the match onto the floor. Instantly he is surrounded by flames -- and still he doesn't move.

CONTINUOUS:

143 EXT THE INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

143

Flames race with surprising speed through the building -- begin shooting out the ground floor windows. A taxi pulls to a stop in front of the Institute and Hilton and Connie jump out, race without a thought into the inferno.

CONTINUOUS:

144 INT THE INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

144

Connie and Hilton SEE O'Connell standing miraculously untouched inside a ring of fire. And then he sees them.

O'CONNELL
Let me die!

Part of the ceiling crashes down around O'Connell, knocking him unconscious, setting his clothes on fire. Hilton leaps through the flames, throws his body down on top of O'Connell to put out the fire on him, then drags him through the circle of flames, as more timbers and parts of the ceiling crash down around them -- and Connie helps him pull O'Connell to safety.

CUT TO:

145 EXT THE INSTITUTE -- DAWN

145

A smouldering ruin -- only blackened cinders remain.

CUT TO:

146 INT O'CONNELL'S BEDROOM, THE HILTON TOWNHOUSE -- DAY

146

Connie bends over O'Connell, whose body is badly burned -- hair singed, blisters on his otherwise undamaged face. He's delirious from the pain.

CONNIE
O'Connell -- I'm going to have a baby.

O'Connell speaks with only the very greatest difficulty -- every word costing him pure agony.

O'CONNELL
Put me -- out of this misery.

CONNIE
No!

O'CONNELL
Save the child.

She jumps to her feet and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

147 EXT GRAMERCY PARK -- NIGHT

147

A full moon, with clouds moving in from the harbor that pass occasionally across its face. Someone is patrolling the street, carrying a shotgun and whiskey flask. It's Hilton -- drunk out of his mind.

HILTON

Hey -- Kharis! Mummy man! Watch out now, sport! I got a twelve gauge here and I know how to use it! Sort of!

He GIGGLES.

HILTON (CONT)

Full of Tennessee whiskey, too -- real thing, pre-war, old man. So I'm brave! Braver than O'Connell. Braver than you, mummy man!

(pointing suddenly)
Look out! The Eye of Isis!
She's watching you, pretty boy.
She's got your number, sport!

He collapses LAUGHING onto the curb and takes another long pour of his rare pre-war hootch. Then he fires his gun at the moon and LAUGHS even harder, as clouds move across the sky more densely now, and begin to obscure the Eye of Isis.

HILTON (CONT)

Missed!

CUT TO:

148 EXT GRACE CHURCH BURIAL GROUND -- NIGHT

148

A sexton stands trembling in the center of the graveyard pointing something out to a detective. All the graves have been opened -- all the coffins are empty.

CUT TO:

149 INT O'CONNELL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

149

Connie sits by the bed where O'Connell is lying unconscious, watching the door, her Webley in her lap. She calls out:

CONNIE

Tim!

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

No response. The silence is too deep. She jumps up, hesitates about leaving O'Connell, then hurries out of the room.

CONTINUOUS:

150 INT ENTRANCE HALL -- NIGHT

150

Comes flying down the great staircase and is almost at the bottom when she SEES someone standing in the entrance hall, perfectly still, in dim light.

It's a corpse. It has Hendry's head on it. The rotted lips start to move.

Hendry
Connie.

From the darkness of the living room other figures move slowly -- corpses in every possible state of decomposition . . . from the newly dead, creaking in rigor mortis, to weeks-old corpses bloated with the gases of decay, to leathery, bony spectres long dead. And there are other creatures behind them -- horrid things, barely SEEN, made up of animal and human body parts.

Connie turns to race up the stairs but another figure has materialized on the steps just above her.

It's Kharis, as motionless as a statue, barely breathing -- looking at Connie with eyes that seem both sightless and infinitely watchful.

Connie stands silently, too, for a moment -- too terrified, or fascinated, to move. Then she raises her revolver and fires it at Kharis -- hitting him in the heart, where dust flies up from his bandages. Kharis frowns, perhaps.

CONNIE
Timmy!

But her voice is strangled in her throat.

CONNIE (CONT)
Brian!

Not much louder. And then Kharis starts to move towards her, with such deliberation and grace, hideous as he is, that Connie is paralyzed. Finally when he's almost upon her she raises the Webley again and empties the rest of the rounds into Kharis's head and chest. The bullets raise dust and make

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

holes or chip off parts of him, but he doesn't react to this in any way.

And then, with a speed almost too fast to track with the naked eye, Kharis reaches out and slaps her across the face -- a hard, brutal blow, that cuts her, drawing blood. It's the most human thing we've ever seen him do -- vicious and ugly as the act is -- and somehow all the more horrifying for that.

She starts to fight back but he pins her arms, disabling her, and glares at her with fury -- an incomprehensible rage. The blood drains from her face, her body goes limp in his arms and she begs him:

CONNIE
Please. I have a child.

And she faints. Into his arms.

And then Kharis's eyes grow softer, almost human, as he stares at the ravaged face before him -- and he speaks. And though the tone of his voice is still gelatinous, putrescent, we can recognize what he is saying:

KHARIS
Ank-es-en-amun . . .

And he folds her tenderly into his arms and carries her into the darkness at the rear of the house.

CUT TO:

151 EXT GRAMERCY PARK -- NIGHT

151

Hilton, passed out on a sidewalk bench, suddenly opens his eyes and SEES that clouds have totally obscured the moon.

HILTON
Hilton . . . sleeping on the job
again. That's you all over,
isn't it?

He drags himself to his feet and looks at the quiet house.

HILTON (CONT)
Connie! O'Connell!

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

No answer. He pulls the trigger on his shot gun. It clicks without effect. He drops it and the flask and runs into the house.

CONTINUOUS:

152 INT THE ENTRANCE HALL -- NIGHT

152

Hilton comes in and SEES Connie's blood on the floor -- and two tracks made by feet shuffling through it, heading towards the back. There is panic in his voice now:

HILTON
O'Connell!

He runs up the stairs.

CUT TO:

153 EXT CENTRAL PARK -- NIGHT

153

Kharis, clutching Connie tenderly to his breast, carries her past the thickets beside the boat pond and the marsh.

CUT TO:

154 INT O'CONNELL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

154

Hilton rushes in and rouses O'Connell from his delirious sleep.

HILTON
Hilton, he's taken her.

O'Connell raises himself painfully from the bed.

O'CONNELL
Get me the dagger. I know where
she is. He's taken her home.

CUT TO:

155 EXT THE INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

155

Hilton and O'Connell pick their way through the charred timbers by the light of electric torches and finally find what they're looking for. The stairs leading down to the cellar.

CUT TO:

156 INT THE RUINED CELLAR -- NIGHT

156

Collapsed beams and masonry make a dark labyrinth which Hilton and O'Connell navigate slowly -- looking for the opening to Kharis's new tomb. There is an odd RUSTLING sound in the darkness around them.

HILTON

What is that?

O'CONNELL

Death.

And Death comes out to meet them -- the corpses from the graveyard . . . reaching out bony or bloated fingers to grasp their clothing. Hilton takes up a rotted timber and attacks the figures, and O'Connell slashes at them with his knife. The corpses come apart easily, fade back into the dark -- surge forward again.

Hilton and O'Connell fight their way to the opening cut in the wall, race into the passage.

CUT TO:

157 INT KHARIS'S RECONSTRUCTED TOMB -- NIGHT

157

O'Connell leads Hilton into the chamber. Candles illuminate the dark paintings, the coffin-sized crate. Standing before the door in the far wall, the corpse with Hendry's head confronts them.

Hendry

Go back!

O'CONNELL

No!

He slashes the rotted head from the torso and it falls at his feet -- still forming silent words with its decomposed lips.

O'Connell leads Hilton into the further chamber.

CONTINUOUS:

158 INT THE FURTHER CHAMBER -- NIGHT

158

Another tunnel, older and more crudely cut into living rock -- perhaps part of an old sewer system. It is lit with torches now, REVEALING lines of statues, sixteen on a side, representing the thirty-two gods of ancient Egypt. Some of

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

the statues seem intact, others old and battered, still others newly and roughly made.

Hilton looks around him in awe.

HILTON

The Judgement Hall of the Gods.
The last ordeal of the passage of
the underworld.

(beat)

This is the underworld,
O'Connell! Reconstructed from
the Book of the Dead!

O'CONNELL

There she is.

And now they both SEE, on the floor the end of the long tunnel, Connie, lying out unconscious or dead -- and standing behind her -- Kharis, perfectly still . . . watching . . . waiting . . . flanked by the last two statues in the opposing lines, Set and Isis.

The two men approach Kharis slowly.

HILTON

Connie!

She stirs, looks up:

CONNIE

It's over.

Kharis holds out his hand to O'Connell, as though asking for the knife. O'Connell suddenly springs at him, thrusts the knife into his belly and slits it upwards, as though he were cleaning a fish. And with his other hand tears the rotting flesh from most of the right side of Kharis's skull.

And for just a second we SEE what may be the trace of a dark smile on the mummy's ruined face -- before he slashes at O'Connell's arm with his blackened fingernails, ripping great gushing wounds in it, nearly tearing the limb itself from its socket. Then he picks O'Connell up and hurls him to the ground with unreal force, breaking his back and half his ribs.

And stands watching him, his grotesque eyes wide with triumph and hatred.

And suddenly Hilton crashes down upon him, stabbing the blackened end of the timber repeatedly into his back.

(CONTINUED)

Kharis lets out a loathsome ROAR of rage -- turns to face the gnat who is annoying him . . . reaches out for Hilton, who jumps back just in time to elude his lightning grasp. Then continues backing, trying to lure the thing away from Connie and O'Connell.

HILTON

Take me! I'm useless! If you want to kill someone -- kill me! Kill me!

Then Kharis is upon him, and Hilton slashes at his face with the timber, and Kharis holds his hands up before his eyes, as though to protect them -- and Hilton slashes at his hands, cutting deep, dry wounds into them.

Then Hilton somehow manages to avoid Kharis's guard and plunge the timber into one of his bulging, borrowed eyes.

Kharis utters something like a SCREAM and plunges his hand straight through Hilton's abdomen to grasp hold of his spine. Plunges his other hand through Hilton's rib cage to grasp his spine higher up, and then he cracks it like a twig -- and Hilton, wide-eyed as a surprised child, collapses and dies in a horrid heap on the ground, broken nearly in two.

Kharis turns back to Connie, who bends over O'Connell one last time, and O'Connell lifts the knife up to her.

O'CONNELL

I have one breath left. Take it from me. For the child.

And as Kharis starts to move Connie SCREAMS -- a cry from hell -- and plunges the knife into O'Connell's heart, pulls it out again . . . and watches him die. And then looks up at Kharis.

Who looks down at them in bewilderment -- takes one step forward, looming over them, with arms outstretched to enfold Connie again. His jaw drops open with the familiar, sickening TOCK, and he looks down at his hands, which are bleeding, dripping onto O'Connell's face and arm and chest.

ANGLE -- THE FACE OF THE STATUE OF SET

Still and stern, full of secrets.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: (3)

158

ANGLE -- THE FACE OF THE STATUE OF ISIS

The same -- until HER EYES SUDDENLY OPEN AND STARE DOWN AT O'CONNELL!

Kharis collapses in a heap of putrescent rags and bone.

And Connie turns -- startled to hear . . . O'Connell take a breath -- and SEES the gaping wound in his exposed chest heal itself . . .

CUT TO:

159 INT STONE CHAMBER -- TWILIGHT

159

The first chamber of the tomb, the one that partially collapsed on O'Connell once. It is still shored up with the timbers his workmen placed there before they removed the artifacts from the tomb. O'Connell navigates it again with an electric torch, also carrying a large sledge hammer and an iron wedge. He comes to the end of it and enters the tomb of Kharis.

CONTINUOUS:

160 INT THE ANCIENT TOMB OF KHARIS -- TWILIGHT

160

As we remember, the grotesque wall paintings -- the stone bier, with the coffin now removed. O'Connell sets the iron wedge into a fissure in the top of the stone bier and smashes the hammer down onto it -- and the whole top of the bier shatters and falls into a well below.

O'Connell shines his torch into the well, SEES stone steps leading down to a chamber below. Climbs over the side of the bier and descends.

CONTINUOUS:

161 INT ANOTHER TOMB -- TWILIGHT

161

O'Connell walks into a storehouse of gold, jewels, statues and household items -- a miniature version of Tut's treasure room. There is a delicately carved alabaster sarcophagus in the center, with the figure of a woman on it. And dominating the room -- a huge stone figure of Isis.

O'Connell kneels beside the sarcophagus.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

O'CONNELL
 Forgive me -- Ank-es-en-amun.
 Forgive me for what I did.
 (beat)
 Your child is safe.

Then he turns and leaves the chamber -- disturbing nothing.

CUT TO:

162 INT THE SHAFT -- TWILIGHT

162

O'Connell emerges from the first chamber into the shaft. He checks a dynamite charge tied up under one of the recent shoring timbers, under the vault, then follows a wire leading from it out of the tomb.

CUT TO:

163 EXT THE VALLEY OF THE SEVEN JACKALS -- TWILIGHT

163

The sky is still a deep, magical blue -- and a huge summer moon hangs just above the jagged line of surrounding hills. Standing in half silhouette against the moon is a young woman holding a newborn infant in her arms.

O'Connell comes out of the shaft and walks up to the woman -- who is Connie, looking more beautiful than she ever has before.

CONNIE
 Is she there?

O'CONNELL
 Yes.

He bends down to an electrical detonating device on the ground beside him and depresses its handle.

There is a muffled ROAR from the heart of the ridge before them -- and then the flood debris above the shaft begins sliding down the ridge, covering the shaft opening, and settling in place as though carried there by ancient rains.

Then silence -- a long silence as Connie and O'Connell stare at the place where the shaft once lay opened. And finally:

CONNIE
 It's as though we were never here
 -- as though no one was ever
 here.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

O'Connell looks down at his daughter, sleeping in her mother's arms, takes the child's left hand, opens its tiny fingers and kisses its palm.

And as he moves away we SEE a small red birthmark on it -- the seal of Isis, that they all three share.

Connie moves to hand the child to O'Connell but he shakes his head.

O'CONNELL
No. Let her sleep.

And they turn and walk slowly towards the fire beside their tent. The SOUND of a WIND rising, HOWLING through desolate places.

END